

# ZION'S HERALD

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**A HARVEST MONTH FOR SOULS.**—Thrust in the sickle and reap, is an order of the Husbandman Divine. This is the harvest month of the year. Make it a harvest month for souls. Let no week pass, without gathering some fruit into the Lord's garner. The people are fresh to their worldly work, and none the less so to their heavenly. The evenings are brisk. The weather is propitious. The harvest moon hangs in the heavens; God's moon, Christ's moon. Use it for God and His Christ. Make your sermon tell on this work. Preach revival sermons. Every sermon ought to be a revival sermon, but let these especially be your burden for weeks to come. Preach to sinners, earnestly, affectionately. Make your evening services bear directly on their case. Don't rest till some yield. Go into the congregation, and beg them to come to Christ. Get ahead of the lyceums. Some of them are shrewd, especially in our large cities, and get their cars in motion this very week, but generally they do not begin till a month later. Let the church meetings be the first attraction. Get your brethren to help you. As neighbors assist each other in harvest time, so should preachers each other. Revive the Four-days Meetings. There is no reason whatever for their abandonment. They can be resuscitated. The Camp-meeting was once as low. How is it to-day? So can these protracted meetings be renewed. Try it, and if you fail, try again. Don't ask your brethren whether you may, ask your Master whether you shall. Open the house. Get attractive preachers. A star or two for the especial occasions, and you'll have full houses. It is as easy for every church to get a crowd by such efforts, as it is for a few brethren of repute. Be not idle now. Thrust in the sickle and reap!

The Massachusetts Temperance Alliance held its annual session last week. It is doing an excellent work. During the last year, by its officers alone, there have been almost one thousand (996) addresses to various bodies, one million one hundred thousand pages of tracts distributed; two county and nineteen town or parish temperance societies organized; sixty district union temperance conventions held. Of 16,986 pupils present in public schools, 12,658 adopted the pledge. All the pupils present in 136 schools adopted the pledge. During the last seven years there have been given by its officers over five thousand (5,552) addresses, and ten million pages of temperance tracts distributed; five hundred and ten district union temperance conventions, many local temperance societies and bands of hope organized; one hundred thousand names added to the pledge.

Well may its secretary, Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, say: "With confidence and pride we submit this record of emperance work to the judgment and consideration of our friends and patrons." He also declares this is the platform of the Alliance, "Total Abstinence for the individual, and Prohibition for the State,—the Bible being our guide,—Prov. xxiii. 31; Luke i. 15; Rom. xiv. 21; Prov. xxxi. 45; Heb. ii. 15; Rom. xiii. 1-4." The Alliance is in no sense a political body; not one cent of its funds is ever contributed to a political party. Its members believe in voting for Prohibition at the polls; but they vote with what party they choose. The chief work of the Alliance is of a moral and religious character, as the above record of it shows. It cost over \$12,000 to run it last year, and it is out of debt. Its office is 14 Bromfield Street. Help, by your money and your prayers.

This is a good hit of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. How long will the folly exist? We have seen the male members of a church and society called officially together to discuss as to who shall be their minister, and not a sister allowed to be present, although they are more numerous, and usually more interested than their hus-

bands and sons. May she sneer the masculine gender into Christian decency. Paul sent his addresses to sisters, as well as brothers. To-day they are not mentioned in pastoral addresses. Let not "the galled jade," but the galled rascal "wince" under such half-convertedness.

"I sat one Sabbath, not long ago, at an after-service meeting of 'the members' of an Orthodox Congregational church. There were present twenty-seven sisters and—seven brothers. A question involving some interests important to the church organization was 'put to vote.' Seven men raised their seven right hands, with seven countenances of calm authority. Twenty-seven women, forbidden to lift so much as a tip of their kid-gloved fingers above the edge of the old box-pews, sat meek and ballotless. One woman, overpowered by the funny side of the scene, laughed. If she had risen to her feet, and then and there denounced the wrong, as well as the absurdity of it, she would have done a wiser thing."

**THE REAL CARDIFF GIANT.**—Much speculation is yet afloat as to whether the Cardiff Giant be a humbug or not. A new biography is to appear, telling how the public were "sold." But is not the biography itself a "sell?" Meanwhile, the real Cardiff Giant turns up in the Marquis of Bute, the Roman Catholic convert celebrated in Lothair, who literally owns the fine seaport of Cardiff, in South Wales, with a population of 30,000, and also the mineral and coal district of which it is the capital. His trustees are about running a line of steamers from Cardiff to New York. He should call his first steamer, The Cardiff Giant.

The two leading writers, pro and con, in the late existing political contest, reside within a few rods of each other, in the same town, Malden, and are on friendly and intimate terms, Messrs. Robinson and Redpath. The former wrote more and better against Butler than all his antagonists, and the latter kept an amanuensis busy in writing not less than a hundred and fifty different articles in support of him, dropping from his lips or pen upon the public eye. As to whether either of them really cared anything for the man, and matter in dispute, is a conundrum yet unsolved.

Remember the Maine Methodist Convention, at Portland, next week, Tuesday and Wednesday. Let there be a great gathering of Methodists from all the States.

The Western Advocate wishes us to change the name of *Indiana Sentinel* to *Indiana American*, as the paper from which it made its unfortunate reflection on our colored brethren. The rose does not smell any sweeter by having a bigger name. It, however, daintily avoids referring to *The Indiana Christian Advocate* by name, saying:—

"We quoted the item from the *Indiana American*, before the paper which the *HERALD* now credits with the authorship of it had transferred it from the same paper to its own columns."

All of which is not quite brotherly. It looks as if it had even got prejudiced against its white brother, as well as its colored one. So prejudice grows. If it isn't careful, it will become prejudiced against the mulatto-tinted Cincinnati, and its own sheet even, which is rather tinged, but none the worse for that.

Two new Church enterprises are added to those that have lately sprung up in this vicinity, Mt. Bowdoin and Allston. The former is a mile beyond the Warren St. church, in an excellent location; \$5,000 are subscribed, and a spacious lot given. Bro. Wm. A. Smith is the soul of this movement. It is sure to succeed, and become a large church. Lots are selling very cheap about it, and we advise Methodists seeking a new home,

to go to this enterprising locality. Allston is a thriving place, built up by the Boston & Albany Road, as their repair shop. Our church is well planted there under the efficient labors of the City Missionary, Rev. J. A. Ames, who fulfills one Scriptural admonition, and never grows weary in well-doing.

The *Tribune* seems to think Mr. Raymond could not be editing a paper in the other world, as a "medium" says because he uses the word "realize," as this witch declares in his communication to her. But as Mr. Raymond studied, when a youth, at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, he may have learned this excellent word, as illustrative of spiritual experiences from that early training, and his use of it, in the other sphere, would be a good evidence of his saved condition, did not the lost and even their leader, know how to quote Scripture and Christian language for a purpose? But at least, his communication should not be rejected for employing such a good Methodist word, which has even been adopted by so nice a critic as Russell Lowell, and is, of course, all right now, to the smaller critics of the press.

Dr. Wm. Wells Brown, of this city, one of our most honored colored brethren, the second officer of the State Division of the Sons of Temperance, and President of the National Association for the spread of Temperance, was attacked by Ku Klux, between Louisville and Lexington, last week Monday. He left the cars to go into the country to lecture to the freedmen, and on the way he was surrounded by horsemen, who tied his hands, leading him some distance, with the evident purpose of hanging him. Finally they came to a house, where a man was suffering from delirium tremens, to whom he administered morphine, which he had with him, by the hypodermic process, bringing instant relief, claiming ing to work through the devil, for the purpose of taking advantage of the superstitious fears of his captors. This delayed matters, and all but one or two of the men went away, to return at four o'clock. In the meantime, the person left to guard him fell asleep, when the wife of the sick man then told him that they were going to hang him, and advised him to leave. He reached the railroad, and took a train for Cincinnati. Kentucky is yet a dark and bloody ground.

The *Methodist Recorder*, a live sheet and organ of the Methodist Church, gives this advice, not much needed in this locality:—

"When will the Methodist brethren quit talking about the Dis-cip-line? In Conferences, no word is more commonly mispronounced than this. Call it *Dis-ci-pline*—the accent on the first, and not on the second syllable. Please, brethren, don't slip any more at this mug."

The *Congregationalist* says:—

"A Methodist brother reports that some Unitarian ministers, who looked on at a recent camp-meeting, were heard to say: 'If we only had this power of faith, we could take the world.'—Let them begin by accepting a divine Christ, and the power will follow."

Mr. Theodore Tilton is announced to speak in the Citizen's Course in this city, on the subject of "Home, Sweet Home." If it is such a home as is advocated in *The Golden Age*, it will be as far from sweet as sacred or decent. We hope he will avail himself of this opportunity to come back to the true and only Sweet Home, where the pestilence of the affluence just doth not walk in darkness, and the destruction of free love doth not waste at noonday. Boston, bad as it is, will endure no other words than those which defend a perpetually married, and a perpetually holy home.

The Freshman class of Syracuse University numbers twenty-eight; that at Middletown, fifty-one.

## Original and Selected Papers.

## MY IBYCUS.

BY S. T. CLARK.

As wave follows wave over the face of the sea, so ran from mouth to mouth these words, "Ibycus! him whom we all loved and lament, whom some murderous hand laid low!"—*Age of Fable.*

I had sought him far and wide,  
Called his name on every hill,  
Listened till the air was still,  
Called again, but none replied.

Then I pierced the tangled shade  
Of holly-boughs by ivy bound;  
There the lowly bed I found,  
Where my loitering lover laid.

Now what reason will he bring  
For this wanton, woodland sleep?  
I will here my vigil keep,  
When he awakens, he will sing.

Then I touched his hand, 'twas cold!  
Backward, to my beating heart,  
Shrank the blood with sudden start,  
And the solemn secret told.

He was dead! No more could give  
Greeting to his friendliest friend!  
And I sought my breath to lend,  
Elisha-like, that he might live.

Cold his lips to mine as clay!  
Fruitless all my idle plan,  
I, a weak and sinful man,  
Did not, like the prophet, pray.

At his feet the arbutus flower—  
Harbinger of earliest spring—  
Did its perfume censor swing,  
To incense all that cloistered bower.

At his head a moss-green pine  
Stood, with giant arms outspread,  
Like a priest to bless the dead,  
Like a hoary-haired divine.

And I knew that he had died  
Waiting for the laurel-wreath,  
Died of inward pain and grief,  
Murdered there by Praise Denied.

Sundered were the mystic bands  
That had bound us, friend to friend,  
Soul with soul would no more blend  
At the clasping of our hands.

Is it wonder that I lay  
By his side, with tearful eye?  
"Woe is me!" my only cry?  
There I watched him, all the day.

Till the shadow, huge and dark,  
Of the dusky demon, night,  
Shut all objects from my sight,  
Save that clay, so cold and stark!

Then, with strong and sinewy arms,  
I raised him from his rural bed,  
Pressed him to my breast, and fled  
Through the forest, by the farms,

To the village churchyard, where,  
In their graves, my fathers slept,  
Silently within I crept,  
Laid my precious burden there.

Joseph-like, my Christ I hid!  
Thrice three days, to see him rise,  
Watched I there with weary eyes,  
Waited, till my faith was dead.

Then I turned the pages o'er,  
Where my brother-spirit spoke,  
And my heart no more was broke,  
For he lives there evermore!

Still will I the story tell,  
And like birds of faded days,  
Not only sing my poet's praise,  
But tell his murderer's name as well.

## THE NIHILITES.

A marked degree of attention has, of late, been given to the confused and fragmentary condition of the sect, known by some as the Broad Church; by others, the advanced Unitarians; by others the free religionists, and a number of other peculiar designations. Some looking at it, call it a pile of rubbish; others, a pile of ruins; while a third party declare that it is a pile of building materials. This was evidently the view of the writer of the following article, which was probably a contribution cast into the waste-basket of the editor to whom it was addressed. Through the junk-store, it passed to the shed of the paper-mill, where deponent picked it up. As a literary contribution it has little to commend it, but may possibly possess some interest as evincing the strong desire existing amongst the parties to whom it refers, for union and recognition, suppressing only the names of the persons mentioned in it, we submit it once more for the attention of the public.

My dear *Friar Free-Thought*: I appreciate immensely your efforts to find a name and a creed for our denomi-

nation, if denomination we may call ourselves, in our present anomalous condition. One thing is certain, we are born, if not christened. Society cannot ignore our existence; we make too much noise for that. Let them apply to us, if they will, as descriptive of our position, the language of Tennyson, and say our sect is but—

An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.

We believe that we are yet to be the mightiest organization in the civilized world, and the world's mightiest civilizer. Still, a name and a creed are of vast importance to our future prosperity. Not one of those titles adopted by, or applied to us, furnishes a just or adequate conception of what we are, or hope to become.

It is certainly a bold step, but a step in the right direction, which we have taken in so nearly abandoning the name, Christian. But then the term *free religion*, or *free religionists*, will never form a suitable substitute. Let us be consistent clear through, and get rid of the word religion *in toto*; it has too much of the sound of the old superstition constantly clinging to it. The radical idea which it always conveys is something that binds again; and when one does not believe in the existence of anything to bind, anything to bind with, or anything to be bound to, what can be more absurd than the use of such an expression. Talk about free religion; just as reasonably may you talk of foolish wisdom, of devout impiety, or of free slavery. If we persist in the use of such phrases, the Philistines will certainly say one or all of three things concerning us. First, that our great philological doctors of free thought have not the learning or ability to frame definitions for their own faith; or, secondly, that they have no faith to define; or, thirdly, that they must be adhering to the old faith formulas, for the sake of conciliating and mystifying those who still have some lingering regards for the supernatural in theology. After having torn into shreds and tatters the creeds and symbols of the evangelical churches, is there nothing left for us but to gather up those tattered habiliments, to cover the nudity of the new-born transcendentalisms of the savans and seers of our esthetic inspirations? It is perfectly proper to use the clicks and clucks of savage tribes to show by their barbarous language, or attempts at language, how low down such people are in the scale of humanity; but to use those clicks, clicks, as the best media for the expression of the most exalted truths and ideas that human intelligence can reach, shows that those who do so are not only imbeciles, but imbecile barbarians. We have denounced the pious cant, the sanctimonious slang of the old religionists, and yet in doing so we have employed the very cant and slang on which we have poured derision. This surely is a specimen of unwisdom for which fanaticism can find no parallel. Is it not high time for us to eschew forever the definitions and technicalities by which the fossilized faiths have been so long distinguished?

Let us have a name then, a name clear, exalted, and comprehensive, as the subject which it represents. To be known only as "The radical club," is the next thing to being utterly unknown; even when seen through the microscope of the *New York Tribune*, we look no larger than a lilliputian orchestra, where every man blows his horn with so much pomposity as to give some color to the slander of our opponents, when they say, "we are a set of self-made men, and each one worships his creator."

Liberal Christianity is a term still more objectionable and offensive than that of free religionist. Christianity may have been a good enough star to steer by when no brighter planet shone in the sky, but long ago we have sailed past it, and left it out of sight. We have looked for more brilliant luminaries, and lo, they have arisen. Why then should we be content to bear the name of Jesus of Nazareth, when by their own showing, we have men who transcend the "young Judean peasant" in every attribute of virtue and greatness. Men who, like the sage of Concord, can challenge the investigation of the world, and say, "If you want to see God, see me." Liberal Christianity: to progress with such a name attached to us, would be like Darby Doyle attempting to swim up Niagara with an anchor on his back.

We might call ourselves Theists, but then we would be denounced by the Pantheists as recognizing a personal Deity; as admitting a distinction between vice and virtue; as allowing the possibility of man's sinfulness, and of punishment for sin. Again, if we admit the Pantheistic ideas of the identity of Creation with the Creator, of the non-existence of God outside of his works. The Positivists, while they would allow this gospel of force and fate, declare that no experiment can demonstrate the existence of Deity, either inside or outside of His works. That Protoplasm is the ultimatum of science; ergo, Protoplasm is the only Deity that can be rationally acknowledged. This, as gross materialism, is disclaimed by a large class of our adherents, who

profess to call up spirits from the vasty deep, and if they come not at their call declare that they can lay a line of living gaspipe from earth to the Spirit-world, and lo, in an instant our doubts and darkness are all dispelled by the glowing, celestial wisdom of the mighty dead who rule us by the mystic writing of the planchette operator. But Atheism, after all, is the only word that covers and comprehends the whole matter; yet, strange to say, that in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the world is not ready for its adoption; stranger still, that amongst our most faithful adherents, there should be such an unaccountable shrinking from the most obvious and inevitable deduction from their own premises. There is a senile or puerile notion, call it what you please, that you can neither laugh out, nor reason out of some men's minds; that, somehow, the idea of a personal God is the foundation of society, and they tell us in all-seeming sincerity, that by abandoning this idea, France was twice plunged into anarchy, and more than twice soaked and sodden in her own blood.

It is, I must confess, O, Friar Free-Thought, a matter of some difficulty to harmonize and unify all this heterogeneous material, to construct for them a creed which will, at the same time, be a protest against creeds; to draw up a confession of faith, where there is so little faith to confess. We sometimes become so discouraged with the attempt, that we feel like falling back on the philosophy of the modern Epicurus, Hans Breitman, and "solve the infinite as one eternal spree." But while this would not be inconsistent with the principles of the polished professors of some of our distinguished universities, who declare that alcohol is food, we would arouse the indignation of the few reformers and philanthropists who number themselves with us, and would soon hear them inquiring, cannot a man become a free-thinker without becoming at the same time a pedant or a sot? I can see but one way to escape those numerous difficulties which beset us, and that is, by adopting the doctrines of one of Germany's greatest philosophers, who has reduced the universe to the simplest mathematical formula. His discovery is this, "The eternal is the nothing of nature." There is no other science than that which treats of nothing. "There exists nothing but nothing, nothing but the eternal." Surely there cannot be anything in those sublime, ethereal generalizations, that the most hypercritical can take hold of. If this platform is not broad enough, we give up the whole matter in despair. Let us then adopt this nothingtonian philosophy; let zero be our Deity, Okin our Messiah, Nihiliterites the name of our adherents, and "Blessed be nothing," our "*Te Deum laudamus*."

## CRUELITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

How common for a family to be nearly, or more remotely connected with some one who has deviated from the path of rectitude. We need not go back to the Fall to find a fall; nor to the dry side and edge of the Flood to find a friend, cousin, brother, father, shamefully allied to the wine-cup, for three generations most generally out-tax and over-try the purse and virtue upon which family pride has built its foundations. Such is fact in this sin-cursed world, where bitter tears are its morning dews, and rash despair its evening darkness.

Now for the cruelty, as piercing as it is refined, as deadly as it is aggressive on the sacred domain of sweet home's retreat. It is seen in the direct and indirect interrogation about the scenes and the sinners; their present locality, and future prospects, together often with the severest denunciations upon the offending parties.

Can it be that such cruelty is practised in the refined life of New England? It certainly is. When will society learn that words hurt worse than stones; and insinuations maul harder than brass knuckles; and a want of charity is a wound time does not often heal? If the one whom Christ could not find, could be found in the criticising group, ready as the immaculate executioner first to cast the stone, then reason, sense and sensitiveness might allow a margin for confronting in a slight degree relations of the sons of Aaron, Eli, the Absoloms, defaulting Judases, and lying Ananias and Sapphiras. But the absence of apostles' robes, and the bitterness of lacerated hearts demand silence, Job's friends, who, seeing his grief, sat down with him seven days and seven nights without saying a word, probably left no posterity. Alas! human nature in its social cannibalism shocks our sensibilities; for it devours reputation, feasts upon the carcasses of character in the sight of innocent friends; yea, more, the latter are often delicately conscripted to assist in these most revolting repasts.

Not to know of such scenes, and of such persons, is to have seen but little of the world, and to know less of the real heart of man. Public opinion can gibbet higher than the gallows of Haman; but let not the culprit suffer with the torture of the halter, and that of sur-



rounding vultures. One kind of wild beasts secures a premature resurrection of the bodies of cemeteries; so we have seen persons unearthing the faults, fall, and sins of others with fiendish delight. Such persons we also notice, are sooner or later needing the undertaker with the longest and sharpest spade. When it becomes safe to throw stones and use firearms with your eyes shut, then will it be agreeable to dash at and denounce sins and sinners, without considering whether the walls of a prison or a parlor reflect your words. This sinful world is not just the place at all times for the expression of even righteous indignation at the most abhorrent wickedness; for looking-glasses, carelessly carried in the sunshine, will most likely give some passer-by a blinding reflection.

Dio.

## PEACE.

"Perfect peace." The Bible speaks of this as a condition of soul possible to this life of anxious fretting and inward guilt. "I will keep Him in perfect peace." How desirable such a mental state! Respecting our relations to God, no theoretic questionings, no condemnations of conscience, no worrisome fretting, no gusts of passion, or stirrings of lust. But, as when Christ rose from his sleep in the storm-swept and wave-tossed Galilean vessel, rose at the right moment, the hour of deliverance, for He is always really for that, and rebuked "the arch spirit of the storm," and the wild uproar ceased, the commotions were quieted; the ruffled sea became like a silver mirror, and the just-now agitated and threatened ship lay like a floating gem upon the peaceful bosom of an innocent repose; so it is with the soul when He, who is our peace, enters the domain, and seats himself on the throne of the will, and sways His sceptre over an enlightened understanding and a sanctified heart.

Then there is perfect peace. For then the condition on our part is fulfilled. Our faith invites, and receives Him there. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." But we must hold there;—hold firmly by an unshaken and unshakable confidence on Christ; for we want not only a "perfect peace," but we want it at all seasons, always.

Well, it may be so. For we have hearkened unto the commandments of the Lord, and the river of peace, with its waters of life, shall continue to flow. Our "mind is stayed on God." Like Paul, we put ourselves in "exercise," or training "to have always a conscience void of offense towards God and toward man. And there will be need of this exercise" continually. We are faulty beings at the best, and need the exercise of frequent examinations of conscience, and of frequent opening of the heart, to expose its secrets, and to discharge its burdens upon our great High-Priest.

Perfect and permanent peace! But what shall I do with the fretting anxieties and cares of life, for their name is legion, and their activity most persistent? Is it not, too true, as the poet saith,—

"In the meantime we've still grim care  
(Whose tooth is like the tiger's sharp), lest dreams should fall,  
And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness."

But the Bible fails us not. Only believe. Do but obey. Hear it,—*"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."* O, soothing and affectionate advice! O, beautiful and comprehensive language! But how gravely it rolls the responsibility upon us, *"Be careful for nothing."* We may, then, harbor anxieties, or we may dismiss them. It, however, tells what to do. Let the recipe never be forgotten. Let it be in constant use. It is invaluable. The more we try it, the more we shall prize it. Its promised results; its great peace—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Thus all is provided for. "Hearts and minds." The conscience disburthened, the affections and feelings at rest, and the thoughts sweetly meditating on the mighty victory of faith.

O, for this rest of faith! Only believe, and perturbing care will die; for the German poet sings,—

"Faith fails—  
Else care would die,  
And we should on God's care rely,  
Man for the coming day, doth grieve and fret,  
And all past days doth sinfully forget.  
For every beast God's care avails;  
Why not for us? Faith fails."

A. F. BAILEY.

"Wine is a turn-coat; first, a friend, and then an enemy."—*Fielding.*

"The first glass leads to thirst, the second to pleasure, the third to inebriation, the fourth to insanity."—*Diogenes Laertius.*

## A DUTCH BROTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

A few years since, a German member of a Campbellite church in Indiana, edified the brethren at a Conference-meeting, by making the following remarks, which are certainly very complimentary to the Methodists:—

"Mine brethren, when I lives in de old country, I belongs to de Lutheran church. I comes to dish country and settles mid Ohio. There bees no Lutheran church there; so I joins no church. After a while I thinks I bees lost sure if I no joins de church, so I joins de Presbyterian church. Then I moves to another part of Ohio, where there bees no Lutheran church and no Presbyterian church. Then, again, I joins no church. I finally thinks that I bees one lost man if I no joins pooty quick, some oder church; so I goes and joins de Methodist church. I lives mid them so long as I never stays there, then I comes to dish place. Here I finds no Lutheran church, no Presbyterian church, and no Methodist church, and de first thing I does, I no joins any church. Then I thinks de Satan gets me, if I no joins de church. So I joins de disciples—Gambellites some peoples calls them. Now, mine friends, I can recommend de Gambellites as being de bestest church there ish. De Lutherans makes you pray some, de Presbyterians makes you pray a leetle, but de Methodists, they bees de hardest church there is. Dey make you pray all de de time. But de Gambellites, dey ish de best church that never was, they no makes you pray at all!"

Before their worthy German brother had finished his remarks, the elders of the church saw that his application would be somewhat damaging to the cause. They tried to drown his remarks by singing him down, but it was no go. The thick-headed brother thought he was making a good point, and was bound to finish his remarks, which he did to the disgust of all the Gambellites present.

PEREGRINE.

## THE CALLS OF THE CHURCH.

"We have room for a conference in Salt Lake. We must have another in Idaho. You in California are able to take care of yourselves. I trust your ladies are projecting city missions. If we wait till we are supplied at home we will never grow much. We used to pray for openings; ask, Where can we go? Now we ask if there is any place we cannot go. We have asked for 'the heathen' as a heritage, and 'the uttermost parts' for a possession, and our prayer is answered."

"General Grant told me that Richmond was taken three times before he went in to possess it; once at Malvern Hill; once General Butler took it; the army before Petersburg took it. After awhile, when we were long expected, we took possession. Shall the world be taken three times before we enter it and occupy it?"

"The most miserable, abominable word I ever heard in the Missionary Board is retrenchment. We cannot retrench; we must go forward. As I saw that most corrupt form of heathenism at Salt Lake, and heard Brother Pierce say we need twenty men and \$120,000 now; when I see the harem open to Gospel truth, and thousands of bruised and broken-hearted females groaning for help, I say, No retrenchment!"

"If you have young men, send them along the railroad; help is needed. You have a great centre here. Your ships go to China and Sitka and Alaska. I see in your wagons Sitka ice. We once thought of calling that land Walrusa. We never expected anything from it but walrus. But God has laid on a great work. You need great piety; heart-work must be done in these regions beyond. It is on account of this power of human sympathy that we have the Gospel in earthen vessels. I pray God to inspire you with the true spirit of the Gospel."—*Dr. Curry at the California Conference.*

## HOW MOSQUITOES BITE.

The mosquito has a proboscis like an elephant, only not so large. It will look nearly as large under a microscope. He cannot do as many handy things as the elephant can with his, but he can cause a good deal of annoyance in a small way with it. It is hardly the thing to say that the mosquito bites us, for he has no teeth. The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis—the neatest and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate blades, and are placed alongside each other. When he is ready to make a meal off us, he first buzzes around with those beautiful wings, and sings pleasant little songs. If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready he puts his proboscis down, flashes the little scissors out, and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out. Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner.

But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. With all his faults he is an honest little fellow—after his fashion. He has the pay in his pocket, ready to squeeze out before he goes. It is poison, but that makes no difference to him. It is the best he has to give us. His poison pocket is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his proboscis he has another little pocket, into which he puts poison enough for one dose. This poison is very powerful. A very little makes the place where the mosquito puts it very sore. After he has sucked our blood he puts

the drop of poison into the place he took the blood from. It is not the bite or cut that the mosquito makes that hurts us, but the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh. If this mosquito were large enough to give a powerful dose of this poison, it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in proportion, a bite from him would kill us.

The *Methodist Recorder* gives this letter of invitation, sent to a minister by a Manchester Methodist, at the late session of the Conference. The heart is good, and the head clever, though the dialect would bother a Yankee, who, as Lowell shows, has one of his own full as queer and untranslatable.

"Dear Meastur,—Seein as how youa are put deawn to stay we us this Confrence toime, and foindin by your letter as youa wontun for t come upo Thursday neaxt, this here letter is fortinform youa that there will be bed and board an' a wellcome we't waytin reedy for ee. Wee'n nobbut middlin puttin on, but maybe youa a dacent sort ov a chap, an not gotten up wie too much starch, and we'es happen rub shootherers together middlin weel. Oive forgotten to bring youar letter wie me to Bowtun, soa oi mun gouse at th' address."

"But mon, theaw mun send us ward by wheat train theaw thinks for to come to — staythin upo' th' L & Y Raly, an' happen weese send th' tit an' cart for too meet youa. Hopin' as how youa an youn are in th' enjoyment o' goodelh as wee are at this present, thank God; so no mooar at present from woan who hopes to mak' a gradeley frend o' thee."

To the Rev. Meastur —, Methody Parson, Liverpool.

"Con youa doo wie porritch an' buttermilk for breakfast, an' taters and bacon for super? Oim afearad thou'll soaan want to boul back to Liverpool, but me an' my missis, an' by th' way, hoo's a gradeley dacent ooman as iver mon war botherd wie ul doon our best to mak' thee as rit as a trivit. Tatta."

Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in." The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

EVERY DAY.—I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting of the sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up, indeed, by art, thought, and by just will, an edifice of which it shall not be said:—"See what manner of stones are here," but—"See what manner of men."—*Ruskin.*

SMALL STONES NEEDED.—The living stones of which the Church of Christ is constructed, are not necessarily of the same size, nor are they employed to edify the same parts of the building. Did you never see a country house built of stones of all sizes and shapes, from the rock to the pebble, round, square, long, short, all plastered in together, and forming a warm, substantial building? Just so it is with the members of a community; the big stones make a great show, and go a great deal further towards making up the great structure. But they would look very woe-begone if the little ones should rebel, and conclude they were of no use, and drop out. What a ragged, desolate habitation, fit for owls and bats, they would leave behind them! The stones in the heavenly temple are all living stones, but not all great ones.

A jovial priest in the south of Ireland, not very long ago, was the owner of a yacht, in which he used to delight himself and friends in excursions around the beautiful harbor. Plenty of feasting, fun and frolic were the order of each day. On one occasion, having a large party on board, he wished to procure some fish for their dinner. Having hailed a fishing-boat, he inquired whether any good fish could be had; and being informed that the fishermen had just caught a fine turbot, he desired one of the fishermen to bring it to the yacht. When the turbot was safely deposited in the custody of his Reverence, the Priest took a sixpence from his pocket, and having laid it on the palm of his hand, he breathed on it, muttered some jargon over it, with, I suppose, due intention, and then devoutly making the sign of a cross on it, handed it to the miserable fisherman in payment for the turbot, telling him at the same time that it was a blessed sixpence, and that he was a fortunate man for possessing such a precious coin. Thunderstruck at his remuneration, the wretched fisherman had to pocket the affront, not daring to refuse the payment, though far from satisfied, despite of the blessing.

## For the Children.

## A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whatsoever you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might!  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven;  
Trifles make the life of man;  
So in all things,  
Great or small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim —  
Spotless truth and honor bright!  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says any lie is white!  
He who falters,  
Twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me,  
But believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,  
Love the old if you are young;  
Own a fault if you are wrong,  
If you're angry hold your tongue.  
In each duty  
Lies a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely  
And securely  
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,  
Love with eye, and ear, and touch;  
That's the moral of the whole,  
You can never love too much!  
'Tis the glory  
Of the story  
In our babyhood begun;  
Our hearts without it  
(Never doubt it),  
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,  
Say it, if it is but true;  
Words may give delight with ease,  
When no act is asked from you.  
Words may often  
Soothe and soften,  
Gild a joy, or heal a pain;  
They are treasures  
Yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoever you find to do,  
Do it then with all your might;  
Let your prayers be strong and true —  
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.  
Pray in all things,  
Great and small things,  
Like a Christian gentleman;  
And forever,  
Now or never,  
Be as thorough as you can.

— Good Words for the Young.

## THE MISSION FUND.

BY MARY J. BISHOP.

Delia, or, as she was familiarly called, Dillah Tracy, was a poor, very poor negress. Her little dumpy figure could make no pretension even to that share of beauty often allotted to her country-women. Yet, with no one regular feature in her ebony countenance, there was a soft gentleness in her eye which spoke of a heart touched and mellowed by holy feeling. The unpaid drudge of a hard mistress, Dillah had, with much difficulty, learned to read; with greater difficulty still, was the "Star of Hope" which came each month to the remote corner of the little church, devoured in the dim attic, which she called her own. Here she learned the value of missionary effort, and tears streamed over her shining face, as she spelled out the suffering of the missionary, or the darkness of the heathen. It was on occasion of the receipt of this precious document, that she had withdrawn to her poor sanctum with an extra inch of candle, when our story opens? She had laid down the papers and was rubbing her forehead in profound thought, when the shrill tones of Mrs. Leeds made her start to her feet.

"Dillah, you idle miss, where are you?"

The voice was keen and unsympathizing, and jarred on the ear of the listener. "I say, Dillah, make haste. I expect the minister here to tea, and that cake isn't frosted yet. Let me see," she continued, "it's two months, is it not, since you received your wages? Here is four dollars; now don't waste it."

"I was a thinking, missus, if yer please," and there Dillah stopped, as if the last of the sentence had flown through the window.

"Thinking what? Don't waste my time with your foolish thought."

"I was a thinking," Dillah blurted out, "that them little heathen children in the bush, can be educated for fifty dollars a year, them say. An' I jist like, missus, you know, to give that much, if yer be so kine as to git it along."

"Very well, Dillah, very good. I'll see to it to-day; but what will you do for clothes?"

"O, I'll jist be clothed like the lilies, missus. Never mind, Dillah!" And she went to the dark hole she called her kitchen, singing in a shrill, untunable voice, but doubtless making melody in heaven.

At five o'clock, Mr. Danforth, the expected clergyman and his good lady, called.

Mrs. Leeds made a few tyrannical errands to the kitchen, but, on the whole, scolded Dillah less than usual. At the tea-table, she introduced the subject:

"I have always had a great concern for the heathen." Here she wiped her eyes. That stranger's words went to my heart last Sabbath evening, and I was thinking I would much like to educate a little girl in India."

"Very right, my dear madam; very noble! and I would say, a munificent donation, in your circumstances."

"Surely," she replied, "self-denial will be felt somewhere!"

"And what," said the minister, taking out his tablets, "shall we call the little girl? It is usual to name them for their benefactress."

Mrs. Leeds, cheek flushed crimson.

"Call her," she said, in a low tone, looking down, "Susannah Leeds."

"Surely, surely," replied the minister, "what so proper? I shall take the liberty to mention this munificent gift, Mrs. Leeds, on the right occasion."

"I shall not want," came trilling up from the kitchen. "Dear me, how noisy that girl is. My patience is sadly tried, Mrs. Danforth," said the hostess.

Mrs. Danforth bowed, while her husband replied:

"Not, I trust, by that beautiful paraphrase." Mrs. Leeds stammered something, and made up her mind to give Dillah an extra scolding for this rebuke.

The church was uncommonly full, for several devoted missionaries were expected to address the meeting, and every seat at an early hour was taken.

Poor Dillah had been sorely tried. It was now a year since she had devoted her earnings to the cause, and, in consequence, her wardrobe was in such a state of dilapidation, that, in spite of her utmost efforts, she did not come up even to her humble standard of decency. It was, therefore, with a timid and hesitating step, that she sought a remote seat in the gallery, while Mrs. Leeds, proud of the name that had appeared in the "Star of Hope," swept down the main aisle with a firmer step than usual.

The meeting was as interesting as expected. While Dillah strained her ear from her distant corner, to catch something about "dem dear little heathen children," but though she untied her bonnet, and strained her great eyes, she lost much of that which was joy to hear.

Mrs. Leeds was not so attentive. She was rather thinking of herself than of distant suffering, and, occasionally she cast a glance around to see if she was not the object of some attention.

At the close of the services, Mr. Danforth stepped on the platform.

"I wish to speak," he said; and his clear words cut through the assembly. "I wish to speak of a little heathen girl, named Susannah Leeds, recently adopted by our Mission; but not alone of her would I speak, but also of a lady who gave her this name. The Society have chosen the benefactress of that little girl a life member and I have in charge to deliver this diploma."

Mrs. Leeds here drew herself up.

"But," he continued, "there has been a slight mistake. The name of the little girl should have been Delia Tracy, from whom the funds came. The individual named will please step forward. Dillah heard her name, and thinking the minister wished to rebuke her publicly, with a trembling step descended, and stood before him.

"I place this in your hands, as a token," he said, "that the mistake shall be rectified, and am happy that this time, there is no mistake."

## "I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Just come and give me a hand's turn at my garden, Jem, of a Sunday morning, will you?" said a working man with a pickaxe over his shoulder to an old hedger who was trimming a quickset edge.

Jem took off his cap and scratched his head a bit, in his own country way, and then said in reply:—

"No, master: I can't afford it."

"O, I don't want you to do it for nothing. I'm willing to pay you."

"I can't afford it."

"Why, man, I will put something into your pocket, and I'm sure you're not too well off."

"That's it; I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it! What do you mean? You don't understand me."

"Yes, I do; but I beant quick of speech, do you see. Howsomer don't you snap me up, and I'll tell ye. I beant too well off—that's as true a word as ever you spoke. Times be mostly hard with me, but if I ain't well off, d'ye see, in this world, I have a hope—a

blessed hope, my missus calls it, of being better off in the next. My blessed Lord and Saviour said these words with His own lips: 'I go to prepare a place for you, and where I am there ye may be also.' I learned that text twenty years ago, and I've said it over hundreds of times when things went cross, and me and my wife wanted comfort."

"Well, well! What's all that got to do with your saying in answer to my offer, 'I can't afford it?'"

"Why, no offense to you, but it's got all to do with it. I can't afford to lose my hope of a better lot in a better land. If my Lord be gone to prepare a place for me, the best I can do is to ask Him to prepare me for the place. And, you see, Sunday is the only day that I can give all my thoughts to these holy things. I go to God's house and hear about heaven, and I seem to be waiting at one of the stations on the way there. No! man's work for man's day; but on God's day I can't afford it."

Reader, poor unlettered Jem had counted the cost of obeying God's command by breaking the Sabbath. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." — *British Workman*.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON. — Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou earnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums: they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were? And he said, They are the children who love to pray, and to learn, and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too, his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray, and learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten, therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man; Ah dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son, Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an aunt Lehn, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little Johnny, learn and pray away, and tell Lippus and Jost too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the Garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet aunt Lehn, and give her a kiss for my sake — Thy dear Father, MARTINUS LUTHER.

THE LAD'S PORRIDGE. — A correspondent gives the following version of this story as he had it from a gentleman in Manchester twenty-five years ago: — "A Lancashire farmer, hearing a terrible row in the house-place where the servants were at breakfast, went in and discovered that the noise proceeded from a growing boy employed on the premises, who was dissatisfied with his matutinal meal. The following dialogue took place: 'Now then, lad, what's to do?' 'I dunno know, mester,' says the youth, looking very sulky. 'Coom, coom, lad,' says the farmer, good naturedly, 'tell's what's to do.' 'It's these porridge, mester.' 'Well, lad, what's up with th' porridge?' 'They're saut, mester, and they're sour, and they're sooty, and they're thick, and grune, and lumpy, and besides, mester, there's not enow on 'em.'"

## LETTER FROM MONTREAL.

On Sunday last, we heard Rev. Mr. Potts, in the St. James Street Methodist Episcopal Church, from the words, "In that day shall be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." As a theoretical sermon it was one of the best, withal, somewhat fresh and original. It was a little radical in its scope, inasmuch as the speaker distinctly announced that the day prophesied in the text was soon to come — when Holiness to the Lord would be the rule, and not the exception — a declaration which the conservative mind, however loyal to the truth, receives with some reservation. A fresh visitor from several of the leading watering-places of the States cannot easily comprehend the problem involved in the announcement of even the dawn of such a millennial day. However this may be, we could have wished that this remarkably forcible and eloquent sermon had contained a larger portion of practical instruction touching the subject. The greatest of all preachers illustrated mystical and profound truths by common things. And so common minds heard him gladly. What mind is so uncommon that it hears not gladly after this manner? The fall of an apple and the boiling of a kettle were the owners of the discoveries in science which affected practical life to its farthestmost



issues. This text contained elements of the finest application to ordinary useful life. As it was treated, the people went away saying, every man to his neighbor, "A great sermon" and "A good discourse," and they were stimulated in a general way to higher efforts for the attainments of, and advancement in, holy living. A golden opportunity was lost for setting home real, plain, strong truths, to be hereafter remembered in connection with practical life.

O, ye large-hearted, strong-brained teachers, whether by word of mouth, or by ink and pen, tell the people simply and kindly what will make them stronger and sweeter in the common duties which carry forward the common burdens; then your works shall follow you to infinite results of blessedness.

In the Sunday-school, an address by Governor Wilnot, of New Brunswick, an eminent Methodist layman, was of marked interest. A lively worker in this attractive field of Christian labor, he rightly divides the word of truth to an abundant yield of interest and profit. Every hearer, from the smallest child to the cultivated auditor, listened with rapt attention and delight.

Here, also, we met that elect lady, Mrs. Wright, of New York, widow of the late Governor Wright, — an item which the abounding chivalry of the HERALD will pardon for its feminine personality. As this woman is an active friend to the poor and sorrow-stricken, we trust her extensive summer travels will serve to enrich her means of access to farther spheres of usefulness.

An interview with the Rev. Mr. Douglass, a Methodist clergyman of Montreal, disclosed to us the fact, that Methodism had increased in this city at the rate of one new church for each of the last three or four years. There are now seven Methodist Episcopal churches, and eight ministers. The St. James Street Church is the largest of any Protestant Church in the city; and although the power of the Roman Catholic population is very strong, there is more property with the Protestants than the Catholics. Having spent nearly all his life in Montreal, Mr. Douglass was well qualified to assert the great difficulties in the way of the spread of Methodism against the tide of opposition. He was, however, hopeful, and thought the present aspect of the Church in this city was very encouraging. They expect to divide the Conference in the spring, and make a General Conference, like ours in the States. Attendance on class-meeting is here a test of membership. The clergy appear in their pulpits in gown and bands.

An inspection of the old Grey Nunnery at twelve o'clock of any day in the week, will reveal the procession, as it is called. This is composed of nuns who file into the chapel, kneel in exact double line, and repeat their prayers in Latin, while numerous visitors sit on either side. Some of the faces under their deep bonnets or caps, were sufficiently interesting to suggest a sacrifice of the world in their present occupation. In this building we saw old, infirm men and women, pensioners on the bounty of the institution, beside orphans and other dependents.

One of the synagogues of the Jews afforded sufficient interest to repay a visit. In this place a gentleman of our party removing his hat, an attendant respectfully whispered, "Gentlemen will please keep their hats on their heads in here." So moves the mind of the world. One prays up, another down. One *doffs* his hat; another's word is *don*. Let them all grow together till the harvest. "Requiescat in pace." The Jesuit Church and College, the English Cathedral, and the Church of Notre Dame, all have their interest, as also the Montreal College, which is one of the finest structures in this old town.

In the extensive fur establishment of Mr. McIver, we were shown many curiosities well worth inspection. Of these, certain articles from Vancouver's Island were particularly interesting. There were two large dressing gowns, or robes, and one cloak of the intestines of the walrus. These resembled tissue paper, only much firmer in texture, and were ornamented with feather work, done in button-hole stitch. Many curiosities of Indian manufacture are likewise on exhibition here. Very elegant sets of fur of the South Sea Island seal, trimmed heavily with otter are displayed, as being most in demand for the coming season. These sets include a cloak, muff, and hat, and are of great richness and elegance.

On our return from Montreal to Saratoga, by way of the beautiful Lake Champlain, we stopped over a day at Burlington. The principal attraction this old town offers to us, is the University. Ex-Governor Page informed us that the ladies were now admitted to this institution, and one has recently entered upon the benefit of this privilege. "I tell them," said he, "that the women have their rights in Great Britain where I lately saw them gleaming wheat, selling liquor, keeping hotels, and doing the work of men generally."

E. T. H. HARVEY.

### Our Book Table.

#### POETRY.

1. FAUST. Second Part. Translated by Bayard Taylor. J. R. Osgood & Co.
2. VERSATILITIES, by R. H. Newell. Lee & Shepard.
3. JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. Charles Scribner & Co.
4. THE BOOK OF THE EAST, by R. H. Stoddard. J. R. Osgood & Co.
5. MY WITNESS, by William Winter. Osgood & Co.
6. SONGS OF THE SIERRAS, by Joaquin Miller. Roberts Bros.
7. BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE, by Robert Browning. J. R. Osgood & Co.
8. KING ARTHUR, by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Harper Bros.
9. THE TWO BROTHERS, by Edward Bickersteth. Carter Bros.

A goodly accumulation of goodlier verse is gathering on our table. Let us devote an hour to their company. It is not the last, and will not be the last. It is less than they deserve, but more than we can afford to give. Still, they look wistfully at us, and seem to say, Will you look at those sermons so cold, those commentaries so burly, those stories so silly, and let us stand all the day, unnoticed and unknown? We alone of letters are called by the creative name, "Poems," things created. Such a summons is an effectual call, and we approach the Nine Muses, as this is the number that have come to us these last few weeks.

The oldest of these, and largest, is Bayard Taylor's second volume of "Faust." It is as big and beautiful as Zee, the Gy of the Vrilya, who fell in love with the Yankee that the English satirist cast into the bosom of the earth. The first part of "Faust" everybody knows; the last, nobody knows. The first is the fall of a scholar, through pride of scholarship, the ignoble but perfectly human fall of drinking, gambling, seduction, and all abominations. The second, attempts to save this sinner, not by Christ, but by culture. It is "the Gospel which is not a Gospel" for all the Free Religionists of to-day. Faust, the scholarly rake and debauchee, is made a minister of State (a modern Free Religionist would have made him a minister of the Church). He aims to bend Nature to the service of man, like all his school, and really makes man the slave of Nature, like all his school. He lives to be a hundred years old, rich, great, and unhappy. At last, helping some poor people he has a moment of peace, and dies. His soul is fought over, and though he gave himself square and fair to the devil, he cheats his owner of his property, and gets into a heaven, which is yet a hell, because in it is no Christ, holiness, or salvation.

The old man devises, in his blind death-hours, a work of kindness to his neighbors, gives fancied orders to his workmen to dig a moat, when the devil and his angels are really digging his grave. Into it he falls, and the angels beat off the devils from his body and soul by scattering roses, which burn those on whom they gracefully alight. The celestial machinery is orthodox, though the sentiments are not devotional, and the spirits of unborn children, whom he calls the "Blessed Boys," wait him to the angels, the penitent, and heaven, the crowning of which is the woman-soul, a strange commentary on to-day. "The Chorus Mysticus" thus ends this drama:—

"All things transitory  
But as symbols are sent,  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to event.  
The Indescribable,  
Here it is done;  
The woman-soul leadeeth us  
Upward and on."

Mr. Taylor is more fortunate than Mr. Longfellow in not having fallen under the dominion of Mr. Norton, and so made his translation a bald blank verse, instead of a mellifluous copy of the mellifluous original. He follows copy like a printer, and makes the English chase the German, like a shadow its substance. It is a genuine work, and will have a long life.

Mr. Taylor has the credit, at least, and great credit it is, of making the second part of "Faust" intelligible, as well as readable. He shows what was in Goethe's mind, and how ably he elucidated it. He makes a real masterpiece of the poem, even more entertaining and instructive than the first and most famous portion. Though without spiritual insight and power, it is not without intellectual and philosophic scope and strength.

In great contrast with this dignified volume, is the little book of "Versatilities," Orpheus C. Kerr, whom every one recognizes as office-seeker, a vanished order of humanity, is its amiable author. He goes from grave to gay. The first half of his book is occupied with pleasant verses, just short of poems. "Lincoln" is an animated sketch of the President's career, and death. "John Brown" is better drawn, being a greater character. This is strong:—

"The eye of God looked down, and saw  
A just life lost by an unjust law;  
And black was the day with the Lord's own frown,  
When the Southern cross was a martyr's crown.  
Not all in vain is the lesson taught,  
A great soul's dream is the world's new thought;  
And the scaffold, marked with a death sublime,  
Is the throne ordained for the coming time."

The satires are spirited, and the one on the negroes always getting up the Southern riots, and getting killed in return, not yet out of time. It is a bright book, and deserves a bigger sale than we fear it will get.

"John Jerningham's Journal" (Scribner & Co.) is an offset to Mrs. Jerningham's ditto, by Coventry Patmore. It is thin in bulk and quality. It tells an ordinary life and love story in flippant rhymes. He nearly falls, and falls in love in the first page, gets out of the first and into the second by getting into the country, is silly, of course, on sweet Rosa Bell, plays croquet, proposes, gets married, and begins to criticise her, which he has no more right to do than to criticise himself, and just as much; not as separate from, but as a part of himself. He gets jealous, quarrels, makes up, and woman's rights come to the front with a girl-baby. The "paternal" exclaims:—

"What great responsibilities  
Attach to this my new condition!  
I look with due civility  
On woman's rights, and woman's mission,  
And woman's property and laws,  
For giving them consideration,  
There surely ought to be a clause  
That they should govern all the nation."

"For women always govern men,  
And, then, beside, we have a queen,  
And lady-doctors too, and then, —  
We know that woman's wits are keen."

All of which book is very simple, and rarely ever bright; but as good, on the whole, as the rival Journal of Mrs. Jerningham's, which is not saying much.

"The Book of the East," by R. H. Stoddard, seems to have been named from being published in Boston, there being no other East about it, except at the end, where it puts some Oriental songs, after the fashion of the Oriental languages, which begin from the opposite side of the page, and read backward. So of course he expects one to read his book from the last page and line, back to the title. The poems are of all sorts, political, amatory, Christmas, historic. Rome and Caesar get ample treatment. Mr. Stoddard has that rarest of qualities in poet or preacher, brevity. No man knows better how to put one idea into two stanzas, and stop. The German touch of this sort he has happily caught, and with it the German plaintiveness and soul, that airy something which gives to their verse a sensibility and delicacy that is exceedingly attractive. Thus:—

"I am dreary and gray,  
And my thoughts fly away,  
Like a long flight of cranes  
In a dark autumn day!"

"They may go till they find  
The warm sunshine and wind;  
But the autumn remains,  
And my darkness of mind."

He has fewer than formerly of these couplets of verses, and more of them have a hopeless and faithless wail. The graceful German becomes the gloomy American. Our life is too real for play of fancy, as for any other play.

The death of Thackeray is equally Paganish and perfect. It could have been written by Martial. He is led to Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Montaigne, Goethe, and Shakespeare:—

"Where gossips quaint Montaigne,  
The wisest of his race;  
Where Goethe looks through all  
With that calm eye of his;  
"When little seen but Light —  
There only Shakespeare is!  
Where the new Spirit came,  
They asked him, drawing near,  
'Art thou become like us?'  
He answered, 'We are here?'"

Even the ascension of Christ, and those words of the angels, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" are used to preach a gospel of fear and unbelief, which bursts forth in a closing agony:—

"If, indeed, He be, to bless or curse,  
And be not this tremendous Universe."

He breaks down in drear and dreadful reality. Most sadly he bewails his buried boy, the Italics his own:—

"Great God! if he should feel it there,  
(Where, where — some angel tell me where?)  
And struggle so for me,  
How terrible 'twould be!"

Out of this gloom he does not arise. No Christ appears to console him. He does not hear that precious word, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Alas for such an eclipse! Seneca could have written as Christianly. It is Emerson's wail without his strength, and with his unbelief. All this sorrow and loss of faith pervade the volume. How dreary this:—

"What is life, and what are we?  
Only leaves upon a tree;  
Green to-day, to-morrow sear,  
Then we are no longer here.  
Others fair and brave as we,  
Grew, of old, upon the tree;  
Now they crumble in the mould,  
With their histories untold;  
So shall we; it is our lot  
Thus to die, and be forgot;  
By and by the tree will fall,  
One oblivion waits for all."

His longer poems are less lugubrious, and often nervous in expression, yet still sad. His "Woman's Poem" is a very gloomy picture of woman:—

"Ah, who can tell the bitter hours,  
The dreary days that women spend;  
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,  
Without a friend."

and much more, a girl says in reply to an offer of marriage. Such persons never talk or feel thus gloomy. Yet pat is this on the men:—

"Profuse in studied compliment;  
Your manners, like your clothes, are fine,  
Though both, at times, are somewhat strong  
Of smoke and wine."

He cries out everywhere in such melancholy and unbelief; as thus, of a broken heart, which returns to earth:—

"Safely housed with her,  
With no company  
But my brother Worm,  
Who will feed on me,  
I shall slumber sound,  
Deep under the ground."

And thus, of the scattered dust of an urn:—

"Its melancholy end  
Will be the end of all;  
For as it passed away,  
The universe will fall!"

"Its sole memorial  
Some ruined World like ours;  
A solitary urn,  
Full of the dust of men."

So ends the gospel of unbelief. Alas for a dead faith in a dead soul! The words are honey, but the spirit is wormwood.



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## THE TEARS OF JESUS.

One trait of humanity is seldom exhibited in the public conduct of earth's chiefest men, the shedding of tears. They use railing or reason, persuasive or vindictive; but tears, — who of them are said to have indulged in that expression of emotion? Theodore Parker rejoiced because he believed Washington swore; he would have the more rejoiced, probably, to have believed the viler stories of personal immorality with which dirty tongues sought to stain his fame. But Theodore Parker nowhere rejoices that Washington wept. Even over André's execution, the tenderest episode in his career, he sheds no tears. He is sad, regretful, calm, tearless.

Socrates is sympathetic, but weeps not. Even in his last hours he smiles, but sheds no tear. He confronts his enemies, the judges; he does not bemoan their error, he only defends his opinions. His highest trait is calmness, the confidence that reason gives. So it is with every other master of men.

Homer gives tears of rage once to his heroes. Virgil once to his; but tears of pity, none. Webster is not known to weep in all his biography, nor Brougham in his, nor Grant, nor even that tenderness of all leaders of men, Lincoln, in the tenderest of all national experiences. His brow is clouded with grief, but the clouds drop no visible rain. He stands over the dead Ellsworth as over his own dead, calm and sad. Among all these leaders of the race, Christ has this peculiar distinction. He weeps. Once and again his soul drops tears over human calamities. Sitting over against Jerusalem, the glory of his late triumphs still dancing before his eyes, nay, those very triumphs passing there before him, amid the shouts of the joyful multitude, accepting him as their Master and Messiah, His eyes fill with moisture, and drop their tears; for, as He drew near and beheld the city, He wept over it. He knew what it would do to Him. That in a few days it would seize and slay Him. Yet not for that wept He, not over Himself, but over its own fate. He saw it besieged for driving out its Saviour; it would be invaded by its heathen enemies. He saw its citizens, His own flesh and blood, devouring each other, first with mutual rage, then with mutual slaughter, and at the last even devouring their flesh.

in mutual hunger. He wept over it, and as He wept, He said, "O that thou hadst known, even thou," how tender and longing is this cry, "in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes." Alas for the poor, proud city, so haughty, so insolent, so self-sufficient. Alas, that it notes not these dropping tears; and had it seen them would only have said, this is another sign of the pusillanimity of the man who pretends to be our Messiah, the Lord Christ. They would forget how their greatest chief wept weeping up that self-same hill, not far from that self-same spot, how he said, "My tears have been my meat day and night;" how he wailed in the very city itself over his son Absalom, "my son, my son!" They forgot how Moses, their civil founder, wept over rebellious Israel, and even begged God to blot out his name and family, so that they might be saved. They would only say, "See that whining Nazarene. He pretends to be our Moses, and David, greater than each or both, and yet He sits sniveling by the wayside." So speak all cold, contemptuous souls to-day. So rattle their hailstones of ice, and death, and despair, in fancied wit and real wrath against the Church and the Christ of God.

But Jesus not only wept publicly over a falling city, he also wept over a fallen man. At the grave He weeps. With power over it, He recognizes its power. With a determination soon to use His power, He none the less bewails the desolations it makes in all the earth. His human and divine heart melts at the bereavements of man. He feels as if He too had lost a brother. He weeps with those that weep. The multitude gaze respectfully. They say, "why should He weep, He can raise him from the dead. Why express such sorrow, which he is so soon and so easily to turn into joy?"

They know not His heart of tenderness. They know  
not His thoughts that fathom the —

"Dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb."

He publicly sheds the bitter tears, unconscious of the crowd, careless of speech. His eyes —

"Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Drop tears as fast as the  
 Their medicinal gums."

Before He utters the word of power, He sheds the tears of sympathy.

WHEDON ON ROMANS.

Though Dr. Whedon's Commentary on Acts is condensed and vivid, that on Romans is really his choicer work. It is a miniature, but like some of the smaller works of the great masters, is more expressive of their genius than their larger efforts. It is his favorite field. Dogmatic theology, the greatest of structural work, the pillars, ground and edifice of Divine truth, this is his chosen home. Hence, these notes are among the best he ever has written, or will or can write.

The reason for putting Acts and Romans together, is thus happily given :—

"Our first impression was that the proper division into volumes would bring the historical books of the New Testament into a separate classification. But a thorough survey of the ground reveals the fact not only that the Book of Acts commences the new Apostolic era, but that with it the Epistles form a composite unit, separate from the *wait* of the Christ-history in the Gospels. The Books of Acts and Romans are, indeed, very strikingly the complements of each other. The former unfolds the *events*, the latter the *theology* and *morals*, of the Apostolic era. With great propriety, therefore, though out of the chronological order of their publication, have these two books stood in contact in the canon; and with equal, though with almost accidental propriety, they have, in our own arrangement, combined into a single volume."

Its classification is compact and clear. The analysis of Lange is obscure and complex. Nothing stands out in relief. Take his syllabus of the ninth to eleventh chapter, the *experimentum crucis* of the book. Lange has simply declared that the Apostle sets forth three antagonisms of sin and grace. The first, from chapter i. 18 to v. 11, the actual corruption of the world under sin, Gentile and Jew. The second, from v. 12 to viii. 39, shows this antagonism, "according to their operations in human nature, and in nature generally;" and the third, as above, sets forth "the hardness of the heart, and the economical judgment on hardness of heart (the historical curse on sin), and the turning of the judgment to the rescue, by the power of Divine sympathy at the progress of universal history," which is as clear as Lange, or mud. Take Whedon's two short, open pages against this prolix, confused, and often non-understandable arrangement. The four divisions are, I. The Ruin, to iii. 20. II. The Remedy, to viii. 39. III. The Defense, to xi. 36. IV. The Deduction. Under this sub-heading of "The Defense," note the difference from the one above quoted from Lange, "Against Jewish cavil of this, God's scheme of impartial faith-probation, even though resulting in unbelieving Israel's downfall." His elaboration of this "defense" is equally acute, brief, easy, and triumphant, against the stronghold of Calvinism, that has intrenched itself behind these chapters. This is his summary:—

1. The Apostle's deep grief at Jewish downfall.
2. Yet God's promise was not thereby broken for the promise was to the faith-seed rather than to the birth-seed.
3. Nor His righteousness impeached; for, overriding an Jewish cavil, "God's rightful will to establish faith-probation is absolute.
4. Nor can He be replied against; for all this accords with laws of an equitable system of free-agency.
5. And it all accords with Old Testament predictions.
6. So that the Faith-condition underlies God's whole system of Election and Rejection of Jew or Gentile.
7. The Jew has failed by preferring the birth and work condition to that of Faith.
8. Which (faith condition) is entirely impartial, embracing all accepting, and proclaimed to all.
9. Nor is Israel quite cast away; for, 1. There is a faith-remnant, xl. 1-10; 2. Israel stands equally with the Gentile on solemn faith-conditions, 11-24; and, 3. Israel will be finally restored to the Churchdom, 25-32.
10. Doxology closing the Argument.

The notes on the Epistle are full of extractable matter. John seemed too tender, feminine, abstract, for this Pauline spirit. He hardly caught that light, which never was on sea or land. But Paul, the grand polemic, in his grandest revelation of the breadth and force of his being, uplifted and borne along to heights far higher than himself, though on the same axis with him, with him this writer strongly sympathizes. He is lifted up to his tallest stature under this inspiration. Thus he puts our death in Adam:—

"All have sinned—How does the Apostle mean that all have sinned? Theologians have replied, All have *sinned in Adam*. But no such phrase as *sinned in Adam* occurs in Scripture. The phrase *In Adam all die* does occur. This does not mean, however, that any man's body or person was physically, materially, or morally present, or so incorporated in the body of Adam as to expire with him when he expired. No more was any person present in Adam to eat the forbidden fruit when he ate. Every man dies conceptually in the first mortal man, just as every lion dies in the first mortal lion; that is, by being subjected to death by the law of likeness to the primal progenitor. The first lion was the representative lion, in whose likeness every descended lion would roar, devour, and die; and so *in him* all the lion race die. Adam, separated by sin from the Holy Spirit, was a naturally disposed sinner, and, shut from the tree of life, a natural mortal; and so by the law of descent his posterity are naturally disposed sinners, and both naturally and penally mortal.

"But when the Apostle declares that all have sinned, he declares not merely the natural disposition, but the *actual sinning* of all."

His sermon on "Not of Works," is a powerful composition : —

"**BY WORKS** is meant not merely the ritual performances of the Mosaic law (though these are included), but *every action of body or mind by which we assume to justify earn salvation, or claim to compensate or PAY God for kindnesses done by Him to us.* That grace or salvation cannot be bestowed by God for works in such a sense is plain, for,—

"1. God does not need us, and can do entirely without us. He can drop us any moment into non-existence without any real loss to himself. Nay, the angel who has lived trillions of years in perfect obedience to God has no claim for another moment of existence.

"2. Far less can any *works* of man be any *equivalent* for the eternal weight of glory prepared for the elect of God. Be it that our works are excellent, how high must the excellence be in order to be an equivalent for endless blessedness? If wherever we find the word *works* in the epistle we read it *adequate compensation*, we shall see at once the conclusiveness of the Apostle's reasoning.

"3. And especially that our *works of the law* are no purchase of God's favor is clear; for since all find themselves transgressors, so on the ground of pure law, as the Apostle conclusively maintains, can no flesh be justified. The only way for man as a sinner is to fall back from the platform of law upon the platform of grace and mercy.

"4. *Grace* in salvation does not, as predestinarians do vainly think, imply that faith is omnipotently or sovereignly planted in a man, but in the fact that the conditions of salvation are *not compensative works, but faith*. And faith being a complete self-surrender to God, by Him to be ruled and saved, does of itself confess that all salvation comes by *grace*, and not by works, wages, pay, or compensation to God. Thus faith is the non-meritorious condition of salvation.

"5. And yet, after all, under the Gospel system works are meritorious! We are required to *work*; to work out our salvation. We are rewarded according to our works. And St. James tells us most truly that we are justified by works. For after the soul has by faith submitted itself to God, God does accept it and its imperfect works, which then, indeed, are acts of faith. Even in the unregenerate state, right doings are intrinsically excellent. They are better than wrong doings. And in the man of faith God accepts them as done to and for Him; conferring on them a higher excellency than belongs to them—even a rewardable merit.

"6. The battle of the Apostle against works in this epistle is part of his great battle against circumcision as a means of salvation, against the claim of the power of the Jewish Ritual to save without Christ, and against the proud pretences of heathen moralism. It is, indeed, the great battle of the Gospel against all anti-christianity. When Christianity itself becomes over-loaded with a pile of rituals and performances, prescribed as works for salvation, the whole is overthrown by appealing to the doctrine of justification by simple heart-deep faith: without the works of the law. To this Luther appealed against the ritualism of the Church of Rome; to this Wesley appealed against the formalism of the Church of England."

"Not before God," rebukes the "merely secular hu-



manitarian," who fancies that his good work will recommend him to God's favor:—

"When the Most Holy walks into his heart with his lighted candle to make search, wickedness enough will be there found, even in his most righteous moments and his most conscientious performances, to damn his soul a thousand times forever."

Happy is this contrast between faith and anti-faith:

"As it is the base quality of *unbelief* to be earthward, materialistic, and groveling, so it is the noble quality of *faith* to be high, large, heavenward, and Godward. By it man aspires and ascends, and the man and the race become susceptible of, and tending to, a heavenly elevation. And when that faith fastens upon the True and the Divine, the soul, individual and collective, mounts up toward all goodness and glory. And this shows how infidelity tends to wickedness, and true faith to excellence and goodness. Faith is a moral and holy ambition."

So, also, is this on "raised for our justification":—

"Christ atones for us on the cross; He justifies us on the throne. That He may purchase our pardon for us He must die; that He may secure the application of His blood to our case, He must rise again. He must ever live to intercede for us by pointing to the merit of His death. He must ever live and reign, that He may apply the pardoning grace to the successive generations of the penitent as they appear in faith before Him."

His great argument is against Calvinism, which is but another name for stoicism, for fatalism, for the false Judaism, which Paul especially wrote this book to overthrow, and which, strangely enough, has stolen the very argument he wrote against it, as its stronghold for four centuries. From the twenty-ninth verse of the eighth chapter, "whom He did foreknow," to the end of the eleventh, he grapples with this delusion, and defends Paul, and Christ, and the Gospel, against these honest, but most mistaken friends of Paul, and Christ, and the Gospel, who have tried to put the stoicism of Rome into the Gospel of liberty. How he tosses this error on the horns of these very texts, one must read for himself, if he would know.

We especially call the attention of the anti-womanites, to his notes on Phebe, in the last chapter of Romans. He says, on the words "servant," and "succourer":—

"Our translators have hardly done Phebe justice in translating *δούλος*, *servant*, and *βοηθός*, *succourer*; for the former is the term for *deaconess* or *ministra*, and the latter is *patroness*, being radically the same word as is rendered *he that ruleth* in xii. 8. The ability and eminence of Phebe appears from the Apostle's earnest commendation, from these her titles, from her travel and business, and, as Roman in his flippant style expresses it, 'she bore in the folds of her robe the whole future of the Christian theology—the writing which was to regulate the fate of the world.'"

"That Phebe was not merely a servitor, doing menial work, but an *official*, appears from the patronizing character which Paul assigns her. Hence, when, no later than A. D. 104, we find that Pliny writes that he selected two females 'who were called (*ministra*) ministræ' for torture to extract information against Christians, we see no reason to doubt that we have here the apostolic origin of a female *deaconship*. The separation of the sexes might in Greek and Roman sections require this office, not only in regard to temporalities, but in regard to more spiritual offices for the female part of the Church. The Apostolic Church admitted a woman's social prayer, with covered head (1 Cor. xi. 4, 13); it admitted prophetesses (preacheresses) (xxi. 9), and it admitted deaconesses. But it seems to show no elderesses and no bishopesses."

When he gets along in his Commentary to Timothy and Titus, he will find elderesses as plainly as he here finds deaconesses, *πρεσβυτιδαι*, presbyteresses, being there put by the side of the *πρεσβυτοι*, presbyters.

But this is very good as far as it goes. It makes a woman official, and a chief official, *πρόστασις*, one standing above another, a captain, a governor, as this word always means, which is but another name for a superintendent, which is the Methodist name for Bishop! Phebe was a bishop, according to the necessities of the language, a bishop *in partibus in fidelium*, among unbelievers as to her episcopality, if among us, we fear; recognized as such by the Apostle, through whom she had been brought to Christ, to the diaconate, to the itinerancy, to the general superintendency even of the Church of Rome. The true Roman Catholics may yet have to find, if they follow this letter, that their first Bishop was not Peter but Phebe; as good a name as the other. They worship a woman. They can transfer that worship of Mary to a reverence to their first visitant with the Apostolic letter, and clerical title, and with the Apostolic benediction.

This series is becoming quite notable, and will, when finished, be the most valuable contribution of this age to American exegetical literature.

#### JEHU NOT YET KING.

It was doubtful until midnight of Wednesday last, whether the swift-flying captain would not win his crown. He had his crowds, his enthusiastic supporters, his bands, his rations, and was a hundred ahead of any of his rivals in the Convention. But the tact, solidity, persistence, and experience of his antagonists, intensi-

fied by the consciousness that their political existence ever hung in the balance, was too much for the strong and fighting captain. Never has so bitter and personal a fight come off in the Massachusetts political annals. Both sides put forth their power to the utmost. Three candidates combined against one, and the three crushed him.

Into this contest many good men have entered on both sides. Dissatisfaction with the treatment of the Temperance cause by the Republican party, has led not a few of the best Temperance men to desire an executive outside of the regular lines. The lull in the leading political questions has brought the matter of labor and capital into prominence and debate. The push and power of the leader have magnetized his followers with a corresponding enthusiasm.

On the other hand, many have distrusted his promises and principles, and have thrown themselves the more fiercely into the fight because of their hatred of this leader.

The battle is ended, so far as the Republican party of Massachusetts is concerned. Gen. Butler will have to submit to complete political annihilation for a season, at least. Had not Jehu overthrown the house of Ahab, he would have himself been overthrown. As to the principles involved in this conflict, there have been none. Gen. Butler promised to enforce the Prohibitory law, but never avowed himself a Prohibitionist. He would have found this enforcement a perilous task, and might have early abandoned the field, as not agreeable to the majority of the leaders who surrounded him. Those associates have not been, thus far, earnest, Prohibitory men. In active league with him, as his lieutenants and adjutants have been those who either did not regard this question of any importance, or were personally and politically opposed to its success. They did not believe in Prohibition, as a chief end of the party.

While some of the best of Prohibitionists have supported him, and out of their best judgment also, a judgment no more to be censured or despised than that which has led equally excellent Prohibitionists to stay in the old party lines, or others alike worthy to organize a Prohibitory party, the ruling influence about him and the real management has not been prohibitory.

His Prohibition supporters have believed that he would enforce the law, would develop prohibitory sentiment, would strengthen this great principle to which they are devoted. They also hoped he would destroy the political combinations that keep the State from Prohibition. On the other hand, it should be said, that his antagonists are equally, and even more indifferent to Prohibition. Two of the candidates nominated were avowed friends of what is called liberal legislation. One of these was put forward by the organization that more than any other has controlled and still controls the politics of the State.

The other, and successful candidate, though not approving of license, and personally of pure morals and prohibitory inclinations, is still surrounded by leaders who hate, despise, or ignore Prohibition. He is nominated chiefly by those who care nothing for this principle. He will be supported by leaders of the same type. These leaders can only mildly approve, and not vigorously carry out the great business of extirpating the rum-traffic. They are tied by their surroundings. They are controlled by their atmosphere. The ruling party to-day of Massachusetts, and of America, is not Prohibition. No one knows this better than Gen. Wilson and Gov. Claflin, its best Prohibitory members.

The defeat of Gen. Butler does not give the Republicans assurance of perpetual power. He was one of their ablest men, and advocating their best policy. He had made some of their best history. His words and deeds in war-time had been the inspiration of the country. He was the first leading citizen of the State who cast his sword into the balance for Union and Emancipation. When no Republican leader had stepped forth and offered his services, before Gen. Banks, the then favorite candidate of Massachusetts for the President, and its warlike representative, had said, "Send me," Gen. Butler, the leader of the Jeff. Davis, Proslavery wing of his party in this State, had said to Gov. Andrew, the leader of the Abolition wing of the Republican party, "Send me!" He was off with the first regiments. He threw down business worth, it is said, \$40,000 a year, the best of any one in his profession, and endured the pains and perils of war, was in the front line of duty and danger, cut a way to Washington, recaptured Baltimore, and subdued it to the Government; brought slaves into the national ranks by thousands, invented the word that made them free long before the Presidential proclamation decreed it, gave New Orleans a stable, free and strong government, and has since in Congress been foremost in advancing the measures that shall found this liberty on immutable foundations.

The overthrow of such a man, may be their overthrow. Can they take up the ideas he has boldly advocated, and carry them forward to victory? Will they adopt those sounder and better ideas which he has only partially approved, and which alone can save the nation. He is only an incident. The great barque is not the willow. The waves roll over many mighty men, and roll on. He fell partly because he did not devote himself openly and entirely to great Christian causes. If one would do Cromwell's work, he must have Cromwell's character. Jehu reigning, did not save Israel. He had not first saved himself. If the Massachusetts Jehu really wishes a just immortality, instead of a flashing fame "evanishing amidst the storm," let him become a total abstainer, cast his influence over all the land in favor of total abstinence and Prohibition, and he will have honor among men, and with God.

But if Jehu falls, Israel falls lower. If he has only goodly promises, that has not even these. A party without a purpose may be knit together by policy for a time, but somebody or something must destroy it. This may be a Bunker Hill victory, will be if the leaders are not wise to grasp boldly the only principles that can make a party live and grow. Other great defeats have occurred in past history. Webster died a broken-hearted man, but the Whig party that killed him did not long survive him. Douglas was slain by his party, then the mightiest in the land. That party did not survive him in authority a year. Six months from his murder, it was put out of sight. Massachusetts Republicanism may set this lesson to heart. So may National Republicanism. Twelve months may bury them in their Jehu's grave. It will bury them there most assuredly, unless they embrace heartily the great duty of the hour. No such gingerly words will answer as its president Hoar used, a half a sentence injected into a plea for woman suffrage—that she needs the ballot "to decide the question, which you submit yearly to your towns, whether the husband or the son may be lawfully tempted by strong drink."

And these were bolder words than the platform uttered, which had not a word for Prohibition, of even that faint type. Woman suffrage and labor reform were carefully commended; this greatest of reforms, as carefully suppressed. It is said Mr. Washburn is to put into his letter Gen. Butler's promise to enforce the laws. But as that is not dictated by Prohibitionists, so it will not be the policy of his party which consummated their proceeding by electing a free liquor Attorney-General over a Prohibition candidate. But if Jehu and Israel fall, Judaea must stand. Prohibition through the party, or over it, will assuredly triumph.

The Church and State must clearly and boldly grasp with these mightiest of questions. It must go into politics, either through old or new-created organizations. In some way, in Massachusetts and Maine, in New England, and over the Continent, must it become victorious. Labor where you are, labor as you can, labor everywhere, by voice and vote, for this holiest and most imperative of America's duties of to-day.

**THE TREATY JUBILEE.**—The Treaty was celebrated by the American Peace Society, at the Music Hall, last week Tuesday evening, in a fine musical and oratorical demonstration. The Hall was crowded. A chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society rendered "The Hallelujah Chorus," "The Glory of the Lord," and other choruses. The Orpheus Club, a large body of male voices, sang several appropriate songs, in admirable unity. Mrs. Houston West gave "The Star Spangled Banner," in splendid style, and "I hope for Better Things," *Spero meliora*, a new and beautiful air, words and song written by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Angier. Rev. Mr. Miles depicted the horrors of war. Rev. Dr. Peabody described its effects on labor. Rev. Dr. Malcom declared that "history is little else than the records of war. Every improvement in science has been made to subserve the art of killing or the perfecting of modes of defense, while poetry, painting, and sculpture have made warriors the subject of their most admired productions. Even peace has been perverted into preparations for war. Religion itself has been secularized by union with the State, and shared in the work of manslaughter." But all this is to be changed by this Treaty and its influence.

Elihu Burritt, the most learned and most placid of men, got the new departure into this department of progress, and contended that this act would broaden into a universal court and peace. It was the first instance, he believed, in which each nation had put itself in the other's place, and consulted each other's temperament and feelings.

Rev. G. Haven, taking a Churchman's place, Phillips Brooks, spoke of the Church, and the Treaty: the Church it is peace, and peace it is the Church. The first human rebellion was in Eden, the first peace society, the union of Christ with the penitent soul. This grace permeates the individual, the congregation, and generations. It is



revealed in this treaty, which exhibited this Christian spirit of sacrifice. America, surrendering most of her just claims, as set forth by Senator Sumner, England surrendering her claims from her starving operatives, made starving by our war. A distinguished student of the Treaty thinks we may not get ten pounds for the Alabama claims, but we have got what is worth vastly more, even the principle of arbitration, which is Christianity applied to disputes. Our contest is for money; had it been for land or power, we might not have settled it any less easily than France and Germany. Once, if at all, political quarrels had to be settled by bloodshed, but now dynastic changes are effected by the heroic roic commander ordering his followers to bring "three days' rations," without adding, "and forty round of ball cartridges." All these conflicts will yet come to an end in a universal confederation, that must follow a universal court. To such a degree were peace and the Church prevailing, that one of our greatest poets shrinks from translating Homer, for which work he is remarkably qualified, because he treats of battles, and a higher future civilization may reject such bloody repasts, however choicely served.

Hon. Amasa Walker gave Ladd and Worcester the praise for this celebration and its cause, and affirmed the future would hail them as its best of fathers and founders. Rev. Dr. Manning concluded the addresses with this beautiful tribute to the Soldiers, in which he told nervous truths as to the limits and duties of Peace.

"The cause of peace has no firmer friends than the returned soldiers. The peace doctrine they hold is that which has a backbone in it. They do not believe in a peace which is all the time going to pieces. In our late struggle they were the peace party. Slavery was a state of war. Each new compromise which that despotism wrung from us was another declaration of war. To destroy it was to destroy war; to set up the reign of peace in our land. There was no contradiction in the saying of our soldiers, that they loved peace so well as to be glad to fight for it. Wittingly or unwittingly, they gave expression to the truth when they cut the word 'peacemaker' into their rifle cannon. The basis of peace is justice. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

"Our soldiers, who girded on their weapons to punish treason, despise any peace-doctrine which they cannot practice openly and manfully, whatever the exigency. They are not like the Philadelphia Quakers in the time of the old French war, who gave money to buy flour, wheat, and other grain for our troops—meaning by 'other grain'—powder; who also gave a piece of ordnance, calling it not a cannon, but a 'fire-engine.' It was a wrong theory of what peace-doctrine really means which drove them into this Jesuitism. The true soldier holds no such theory, and hence is able to save his honesty. He does not interpret our Lord's words, in his Sermon on the Mount, foolishly, but wisely. His doctrine of non-resistance is practicable. When he is smitten on one cheek, he turns the other also; but if anybody threatens justice he springs to her defense, hitting hard at the danger. He knows that any pretense of peace is a sham, an injurious lie, where justice is not done."

"It is in this view of the case that many brave men, who fought in our late strife, hail the Treaty of Washington with joy. That Treaty looks like something better than a truce. It is a settlement, not a fresh complication of matters between England and the United States. It sends all our disputes to Justice for the final decision; and there is no umpire but this who can put them to rest, for nothing is ever settled till it is right. This is a Treaty which can be kept with honor to both nations. Other nations admire its principles, though not ready yet to practice them. Christians everywhere see in it new cause to hope that the reign of the Prince of Peace shall be universal."

"I presume this Treaty illustrates the nature of the work which the American Peace Society would be glad to do for Christendom and the world. It would not say peace, I take it, where there is no peace. It believes in the peace which hath foundations, and holds that the peace which is unjust is not peace, but war. With this understanding, I am sure every soldier worthy of the name will give its new secretary his God-speed, and rejoice in all its successes. May it prosper in its efforts to substitute the principle of amicable reference for the power of the sword, as a means of settling international disputes."

The whole demonstration will have a good effect in bringing this Society and its work more prominently before the people.

**CONVENTION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF MAINE.**—This Convention was held in Biddeford, on the 26th and 27th ult. The first day an interesting question was discussed, "What obstacles are in the way of the complete success of our Association?" In Augusta they came up in the form of disinterested church members; in Portland, centralization, and pleasant rooms, and surroundings; in Winthrop, lack of personal consecration; in Biddeford, too much sectarianism; in several others, jealousy on the part of the churches. The other topics were, "How shall the indifferent Christians be made to see the importance of the Young Men's Christian Association?" and "What work has been most effectual in bringing young men to Christ?" The reports from the several Associations of the State showed that much was being done in the larger towns. The Convention held several prayer and praise meetings, with great profit to the participants.

The Massachusetts Young Men's Christian Association held its sessions at Northampton. Rev. J. O. Peck presided ably and popularly, and gave one of his rousing addresses. Rev. D. C. Knowles, of Lowell, read a searching essay on Church neglect, and the need of this Association, which roused Dr. Webb to the defense of the Church, and made him say a good many true things as to what it ought to do, more than what it does do. Rev. Mr. Parsons, and others, joined in the healthful affray.

**STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.**—The annual State Sunday School Convention of the Evangelical churches was held at Lynn, on the 27th and 28th ult., Hon. Thomas P. Richardson, of Lynn, in the chair. Eben Shute, and Rev. J. B. Davis, Secretaries. Among those who took part in the exercises, were Rev. Wm. Lamson, D. D., of Brookline, Revs. W. F. Crafts, of Stoneham, W. W. Newton, of Brookline, W. D. Waldron, of East Boston, Alfred Taylor, of New York, Thos. Doggett, of Niagara, E. H. Kellogg, of Troy, N. Y., A. W. Paige, and D. W. Kilburn, esq. The usual question as to "What can be done to increase the efficiency of our Sunday Schools?" was variously and earnestly discussed, resulting in the passage of a resolution in favor of half the Sunday being devoted to the school. The Hutchinsons enlivened the sessions with their charming melodies, and an interesting service was held on the summit of "High Rock," where all the audience united in singing, "Rock of ages cleft for me." The Convention was an interesting and profitable one.

**WILBRAHAM.**—Dr. Cooke writes: "About one third of the Fall Term is past, with as fine a class of students as we have ever seen. Half or more of the whole number are, I judge, preparing to enter upon the regular college curriculum of studies. Since the announcement was made that ladies will be admitted to Wesleyan University on equal terms with gentlemen, some of our lady students have abandoned their former course, and taken up the regular college preparatory studies. We expect to send a strong reinforcement to Middletown next year, and among them some of the fair sex, who will by their talents and scholarship vindicate the wisdom of this lately conceded privilege. At the close of the last academic year, Wesleyan Academy parted very reluctantly with some of its teachers, whose services were highly appreciated, but it has been very fortunate in the selection of their successors. Prof. W. H. H. Phillips comes to the chair of Higher Mathematics for the second time. He is already winning golden opinions in the school. Other teachers, both new and old, are no less fortunate in their several departments. We have been specially fortunate in securing Mr. and Mrs. Dagget, to take charge of the Boarding Department. With ample experience in a similar position, and with all needed facilities provided by the Trustees, they will not fail to make the Boarding-house all that could be desired as a home for the student."

The Union Maternal Association held its quarterly meeting, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 10, A. M., in the Young People's room of Park St vestry. There was a great attendance, and the reports that were given came from warm hearts, deeply impressed with a sense of the mothers' responsibility. There is in all our churches a great lack of interest on the part of young mothers for the spiritual welfare of their children; and how to meet this, and remedy it, was the burden of many a heart. The mothers' meeting at Hamilton, held in the Tabernacle, on Friday of Camp-meeting week, was one of power. The presence of the Holy Ghost was there, and the glory of God filled the Tabernacle. Not until the time when God makes up his jewels can the good results of that afternoon in the Tabernacle be known. It is even impossible to express what was felt of the Spirit's presence. It is only a part of the "old, old story" which cannot be told below.

The Munich congress of Anti-Infallibilists have adopted a declaration which repudiates Papal Infallibility, and provides for the opening of friendly correspondence with the Protestant Episcopal and Greek churches. Why don't they ask the Lutheran Church, the mother of the English? To seek the daughter, and spurn her mother, is an insult not to be borne in Germany.

Massachusetts will have to reverse Rachel's course, and change the name of her beloved son, Benjamin, the son of my right hand, to Benoni, the son of my sorrow.

**CORRECTION.**—In the article "Transfer of suffering for sin," last week, in third paragraph, for "This doctrine secures, etc.," read "This doctrine seems, etc."

Read the vigorous article entitled "The Nihilites," by Rev. E. S. Best. It is in his best vein.

The Hutchinsons sing in Tremont Temple, Tuesday night, for the Woman's Missionary Society. If any see this note in time, we urge them to go, and carry all their neighbors and friends, if they wish for a first-rate treat, and to help a first-rate cause.

#### PERSONAL.

Bishop Simpson has sent the following reply to the resolution of the Boston Preachers' meeting:

To the Boston Preachers' Meeting.

Rev. and Dear Brethren: I thank you for your very kind note of suggestion and sympathy just received.

I am glad to say, however, that my health has so improved that I have been able to attend to general duties in Conference. I have not attempted to preach, and under medical advice, and the admonitions of kind friends, shall not attempt to do so until the fall Conference have been held.

I assure you, dear brethren, that I highly appreciate your true friendship, and the interest which you take in my restoration to health, and I intend to be exceedingly careful to avoid everything likely to injure me at least, until next General Conference.

I trust that there the Board of Bishops will be so strengthened that the impaired health of one of our members will not materially affect the interests of the Church. With high respect, Yours truly,

M. SIMPSON.

Aristarchus Campion, a Presbyterian, who gave liberally to our cause, in building churches in Western New York, died last week. He has laid up by these gifts much treasure in heaven, and where his treasure is, he is also.

The Newport brethren of the First Methodist Episcopal Church lately purchased a pleasant parsonage, and planted in it their popular pastor, Rev. D. P. Leavitt; as if this was not enough, they gave him a beautiful gold watch; all this before he has been six months on his charge. What won't they do before he goes away? They have a new parsonage, now let them get up a new church.

Dr. Matlack, it was reported in the last *Christian Advocate*, was dangerously sick, at New Orleans, of the yellow fever.

We regret to hear that Rev. N. Culver, of the N. H. Conference, lies in a dying condition, at the house of his son-in-law, at Enosburgh, Vt. He was attacked with bilious fever about the 1st of Aug. while at St. Albans; partially recovering, returned to Enosburgh, where he suffered a relapse, had made all arrangements for his funeral, and is now, Sept. 25, gradually sinking.

Lecture committees will bear in mind that Rev. J. O. Thompson, of Dennis, has two lectures of great interest, "Personal Recollections of the Battle of Gettysburg," and "Power of Thought."

Rev. J. N. Mars has been spending some weeks in Newburyport, with Rev. R. C. Parsons, Washington Street church, where great good is being effected.

Rev. Dr. DeHass is to take charge of the New York East Conference Seminary, to be located at Stamford. Better call it the Connecticut Conference Seminary, and let the New York East Conference change its bulky and meaningless name to the Brooklyn Conference, and establish its seminary over against Prospect Park. The Brooklyn Methodists could easily do that, and make their Church far more of a power than it is in that great city. Cut loose from Connecticut, and the fag-side of New York City, proud Brooklynites, and set up for yourselves.

A beautiful marble monument is in preparation, to be placed over the remains of that loveliest in spirit of our ministers, Bro. Samuel Tupper. It is a square pillar, set on a broad base. The whole will be about fourteen feet high. It is erected by his former parishioners, and will be placed in Leominster cemetery sometime this fall.

Another Methodist minister we find in the famous Worcester Convention, Rev. Mr. Farrington. Rev. J. Emory Round was put on the Committee on Resolutions.

Three of our ministers lost their mothers very suddenly, last week, Rev. J. J. and S. F. Jones, and Rev. C. W. Cushing. Their first knowledge of their sickness was telegrams that they were dead. The Church sympathizes with them in their loss.

Prof. Townsend and wife arrived last Saturday from Europe. They will be warmly welcomed by their many friends.

Rev. Mr. Alger is reported to be dangerously ill at Paris. He was expected to preach at Music Hall last Sabbath. Instead, his wife is summoned by telegraph, to what it is feared may be the dying bed of her husband. We hope and pray that he may yet recover to preach for many years the Gospel of Christ.

The Queen, it is reported, is incapacitated for governing, and D'Disraeli seems to suggest her removal. His words alarm all England. Her Prince of Wales is exceedingly unpopular. The abdication will hasten the triumph of Democracy in England, which is already developing rapidly and powerfully.

Rev. John Snowball, one of the most honored ministers of Wesleyan Church of New Brunswick, died in Sackville, on the 18th ult., aged 77.



Joshua Leavitt lately celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. They have been seventy and seven days of rejoicing, as well as all their hundreds between. He has done a great work, in some respects the greatest; for he, more than any other, held the Abolition cause, the Gospel, and the Church together. We hope he will write immediately, for *The Independent*, Reminiscences of his Career and Times.

### The Methodist Church.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

GRANITEVILLE.—Rev. N. B. Fish writes: "Our young society has been gradually growing stronger, numerically and spiritually. The blessings of God have continually rested upon us. The warm weather has not diminished our congregation. During the month of August we averaged over two hundred. The prayer and class-meetings have been as well attended as during the winter. On the 30th Sept., the former pastor, M. H. A. Evans, baptized in the stream in front of the church, twelve candidates by immersion, and three by sprinkling. Eight of those were heads of families. Three of those baptized by immersion were over sixty years old. One couple, the man seventy-three, and the wife seventy-six, had not been inside of a church for ten years, until they came to see our beautiful church, the first Sunday after Conference. They had been infidels, but God convicted; they sought mercy, and were forgiven; they have 'become like little children;' and though aged and feeble, they are always punctual at prayer and class-meeting. At two o'clock, Bro. Evans preached from the text, 'Then said I, woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips;' Isaiah vi. 5, 7. At the close of the sermon a child was baptized, and we received five into full connection. The evening meeting was one of great power, many taking part; three, whose voices we had never heard, one a young convert of a week's experience. Our brethren are working nobly, but we are oppressed by the heavy debt upon our Church. The Society is able to support itself, but not to pay interest on three thousand dollars. Brethren, the new church has attracted many who have been brought to Christ. God will reward you for what you have done, but we must ask for more. We shall be burdened until this debt is liquidated. Ye are commanded, 'Bare ye one another's burdens.' Any contributions will be thankfully received."

The new Methodist Episcopal Church in Methuen was dedicated to the worship of God on the 28th of September. It was a day of victory over many fears and false prophecies for the good people who have carried the burdens, and done the hard-work connected with this enterprise. The dedicatory services were participated in by Revs. S. Kelley, Downs, Barrows, Pitcher, Chadbourne, Noyes, and O. H. Jasper. Rev. I. G. Bidwell preached a sermon full of thought and force, on God magnifies His written Word above His name.

The edifice is half gothic in style, with a tower on each front corner. It is two stories high, painted a light-drab, with the trimmings two or three shades darker. The location is one of the best in the village; it is the point of a group of buildings shaped like unto a triangle. The vestries on the first floor are roomy, and conveniently arranged; two class-rooms and a ladies' room all open into the main vestry at their centre. The audience-room is very fine in its architectural effect, broad aisles, and altar platform. The pews are tastefully arranged, and will seat four hundred persons. The finish is chestnut, with black walnut trimmings. The organ to the left of the pulpit and the choir back of the minister. The pastor's room in the opposite corner from the organ. The walls handsomely frescoed, and the glass stained, and the carpet and upholstery red. All combine to make it a convenient and beautiful room. The church is a marvel of economy. The whole cost is some \$12,000, and how it has been built for that sum, we are not able to tell. The debt still remaining will be about \$5,000, which fact will be equally surprising to those who know the limited resources of the Society. They have received no large subscriptions, for they have no wealthy people; but the donors have given nobly—Bros. Kimball, Siloway, Saunders, Hall, the Tenneys, and others, have lifted well, and to a noble purpose. The pastor, Rev. J. Noyes, has been unremitting in his devotion to this good work, and it is through his foresight, skill and energy, that that Church stands to-day to honor God and Methodism in that community. He that builds a church does a great work; but when a man leads an enterprise to a successful issue, in the face of as many and such great obstacles as confronted this one, it is an extraordinary success; and the man deserves the gratitude, not only of his own congregation and community, but of the whole Church.

TURNER'S FALLS.—Rev. W. G. Leonard reports: "At the last session of Conference a minister was sent here, who, after canvassing the place, found four persons, members of churches elsewhere, that were desirous of joining the Church here, and seven others of recent conversion, waiting for the church. The four secured letters, and Dr. Thayer called our first Quarterly Meeting, May 18. June 24, we were duly entered on the town Records. 'The Claffin Methodist Episcopal Church,' of Turner's Falls, in memory of the late Hon. Lee Claffin. We hope we are the first Church to bear his name; and as this place is evidently destined to be a large city, and this church large and influential in it, we hope we have not taken undue liberty with a name so dear to Methodism, and which we would honor. We hope some good friend will send us the picture of the venerable man whose name we bear, to hang in our chapel. Through the influence of Hon. Alvah Crocker, of Fitchburg, promptly seconded by B. N. Farren, esq., of Montague, the Turner's Falls Land Company gave us a corner lot, 110 by 130 feet, centrally located. July 14, we began in earnest to make ready the foundation for a chapel. July 31, the frame was up and covered. August 20, we worshipped in one of the small rooms; now the whole chapel waits the finishing touches of the painters, and we hope to open its three rooms, and dedicate them to Almighty God, Tuesday, October 3. Never did a

people, toiling for their own shelters in a new place, sacrifice more or do better. From beyond our vicinity has been given by Hon. Alvah Crocker, of Fitchburg, a \$25 dollar organ; by Hon. Thomas Talbot, of North Billerica, one hundred dollars. We are needing help yet, and hope others will send us aid for this new enterprise."

#### RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT.—The Marlboro' Street Church have completed, and elegantly furnished their parsonage, at a cost of six thousand dollars, and what is better, have paid for it, the ladies of the society contributing nearly thirteen hundred dollars. Not content with this large giving, a few friends met at the parsonage on the evening of September 16, and presented the pastor with a valuable gold watch. This Church is devising liberal things, and the Lord's Word is, that "by liberal things it shall stand."

#### CONNECTICUT.

UNCASVILLE.—Rev. Rob't Clark writes: "The good people of Uncasville have determined to have a new church in place of the old one, which has for some years been inadequate to the demands of the Society, and the place. It is the intention to build a gothic church, forty by seventy feet, to be completed the latter part of December. The corner-stone of said church was laid by the pastor, assisted by the builder. An able address was delivered on the occasion by Rev. Geo. W. Brewster, Presiding Elder of the Norwich District. The following brethren also took part in the exercises, namely, Revs. W. H. Stetson, Jas. M. Worcester, G. D. Boynton, and George R. Bentley. We are having some religious interest in our Church. Two or three backsliders have been reclaimed, and one person has been converted since our camp-meeting, and quite a number of the younger portion of the Church have emerged from a state of lethargy into a state of activity, and now delight to work for Jesus."

EAST THOMPSON, CT.—The Methodist Episcopal Church of East Thompson, under the pastorate of Rev. F. D. Goodrich, is beginning to have an increase of faith and hope. Backsliders are being reclaimed, believers quickened, and sinners converted. Some are already in the valley of blessing, and others are coming. Eleven have recently received the ordinance of baptism, and the Holy Spirit is moving among the people.

#### MAINE ITEMS.

Rev. L. W. Hicks reports a good religious interest in Canaan, where he is now laboring, under the auspices of the Maine Congregational Missionary Society. A Sunday School Convention recently held there, has been instrumental in enlarging the school, and increasing the general religious interest in the community. The Baptist Church in East Dixfield, Rev. Mr. Gould, pastor, is enjoying revival. Conversions are frequent. Last Sabbath Rev. Mr. Ford, pastor of the Baptist Church on Paris Hill, preached a sermon to his people, upon Sabbath breaking, in which he took occasion to condemn the practice of bringing around warm brown bread, to the citizens on Sunday morning. He laid down the principle, that the act of receiving the bread on that day was in itself wrong, and that by its reception the people caused their brethren to offend.

The following note is reported to have been handed to the pastor of the Methodist Church in Skowhegan, last Sabbath. "Mr.—desires prayer for the Overseers of the Poor, that they may obey the laws of the State, and furnish him a decent pair of boots or shoes to walk to meeting in."

Rev. C. F. Allen was inaugurated President of the Maine State College of Agriculture, at Orono, Thursday, August 31st. The inaugural is spoken of in high terms of commendation. Twenty-two candidates were examined, and nineteen admitted—fifteen more applications are on file. The institution has now a legal head, which it has never had till now. We wish President Allen, and the institution under his charge, the largest success.

Rev. H. B. Ridgway, D. D., of New York, preached to his old parishioners, at the Chestnut Street Methodist Church, Portland, last Sabbath. The people were delighted to greet their old pastor, and a general time of hand-shaking was enjoyed. The Dr. is looking finely, as his numerous friends report. It is hinted that the reverend gentleman is to be a candidate for Episcopal honors at the approaching General Conference. Why not?

The late Byron Greenough, of Portland, a prominent member of the Baptist Church, left in his will, the following bequests: To the institution for Aged and Indigent Females, three thousand dollars. To the Female Orphan Asylum, two thousand dollars. To the Maine General Hospital, two thousand dollars. To the American Baptist Publication Society, two thousand dollars. To the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, two thousand dollars. To the American Baptist Missionary Union, five thousand dollars. To Colby University, five thousand dollars, and three thousand dollars to establish scholarships which, with prior benefactions, makes ten thousand dollars to the college at Waterville. Ten thousand dollars he devotes to establish a perpetual fund, the interest of which, is to be loaned to help poor Baptist churches in Maine to erect church edifices. To the Maine Baptist Convention, he gives one thousand dollars. A large sum at the decease of his widow, goes to the Baptist Convention, to constitute a permanent fund, the income of which is to be appropriated to the aid of aged and infirm Baptist ministers and their families. Mr. Greenough was a noble-hearted, Christian gentleman. He died in great peace. May his generous benefactions be blessed to those institutions, and may his worthy example lead others to do likewise.

Preparations are making for the Methodist State Convention. This proposed Convention ought to be, and no doubt will be, a great success. The two Conferences, Maine and East Maine, should rally their forces, and put forth every effort to make the occasion one of deep and permanent interest to the Church, and to the cause of the Christian religion in the State. It is hoped that no efforts will be wanting to make the Convention

highly respectable in numbers and influence. As the Convention is to be a mass meeting, let the Church be liberally represented. The programme presents a rich variety of important subjects for discussion, and the assignment of parts will call out the first talent in the two Conferences. It is expected that many distinguished laymen will take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and that much permanent benefit will result from the meeting. May the friends of the Convention suffer no disappointment.

The Lodge of Good Templars, in Strong, is in a very flourishing condition, and is doing a good work for the Temperance cause. It numbers some two hundred members. The Methodist Church there is flourishing under the faithful pastorate of Rev. E. T. Adams. The Sunday-school connected with this parish is in excellent working trim. The superintendent, Mr. Washington Daggett, appears to be a very efficient officer, and is doing all in his power to make the school prosperous. A good religious interest is prevailing in the parish. Last Sabbath evening, thirteen persons presented themselves as subjects for prayer. The good work of revival is spreading in the vicinity.

The town of Temple has no licensed liquor agent, and no liquor, we understand, is sold in the town. The people are generally free from the blighting curse of intemperance. The town has three churches, one Methodist, one Free Baptist, and one Congregationalist. The Methodist Church is receiving frequent additions to its membership. September the 18th, seven were admitted to full connection. A protracted meeting is now in progress, with good prospect of general revival. The pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Hackett, is at present unable to preach on account of ill health. His pulpit is supplied in part by a Methodist local preacher.

Anson and Madison Circuit, Rev. C. K. Evans, pastor, is in a prosperous condition. Several within a few months past have been baptized, and united with the Church. Others are seeking the Lord. Some persons from the charge found the Saviour at the recent camp-meeting in New Portland. Mr. Evans is deservedly popular. The North Anson people are intending soon to erect a new church edifice. We learn with great pleasure that Rev. J. A. Strout, pastor of the Methodist Church at Kennebunk, who has been laid aside from his work for some time past, is slowly recovering. The prospect now is that he will soon return to his post of duty. Mr. Strout is greatly beloved by his people, who sympathize deeply with him in his affliction. C.

#### STARK CAMP-MEETING.

Rev. Thomas Tyrie writes: This meeting, though attended by many discouragements, was a success. Notwithstanding the weather was cold at the commencement, and wet at the close, a good number were on the ground throughout the meeting. On Saturday and Sunday the Lord was especially with us, and blessed us. Many crowded around the altar, and He was "mighty to save."

The love-feast on Sunday morning was a "feast of fat things." One of the most impressive services during the day was the presentation, by a father and mother, of three little ones for baptism. They were baptized by Presiding Elder Kellogg, who with much feeling addressed the congregation, while he received to the arms of the Church these lambs of the flock. The meeting closed Monday morning, after the usual hand-shaking, and all left, feeling that the grove in which they had spent a week, had been "none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven," to many souls.

CURRENT NOTES.—Rev. W. M. Punshon has arrived in Quebec.

Rev. Joseph H. Gill, recently appointed missionary to India, was ordained Deacon and Elder, Bishop James officiating, in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, on September 24.

Dr. F. S. De Hass, recently transferred to the New York East Conference, has removed to Stamford.

Rev. James Henderson, of the Pittsburg Conference, died suddenly, in Zanesville, Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Curry and wife reached home on the 22d ult., making the entire journey from San Francisco in six and a half days.

Dr. Reid, the editor of the *Northwestern*, and Rev. Arthur House, his associate, are both elected delegates to the General Conference.

The Methodists of Brooklyn and Long Island have purchased, for \$60,000, a delightful grove, at Glen Cove, L. I., for camp, meeting purposes. It will rival Martha's Vineyard.

#### THE NEWS.

At the Republican Convention at Worcester, on the 27th ult., William B. Washburn was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts.

The contest between the United States authorities and the Mormons is coming to a crisis, and before long a blow will be struck that will shiver that iniquity to atoms. The Oneida must go next.

The campaign against Tammany has begun in good earnest in New York. The developments being made are astounding and disgraceful in the extreme, even worse than was supposed: one item, brooms for street sweeping, cost \$32,000 in one year!

The German evacuation of France was begun on Sunday.

The Peace Congress at Lausanne, Switzerland, adjourned on Friday.

The national bank of Belgium raised the discount of 54 per cent.

The Burlington warehouse, Chicago, was burned on Saturday. Loss \$700,000.

Three men were killed and three injured by the breaking of a suspension bridge cable at Wheeling, Va., on Sunday.

Recent gales on the English coast have been very destructive of life and property.



## EAST MACHIAS CAMP-MEETING.

Rev. S. L. Hanscom reports: "The seventh annual camp-meeting at East Machias began Monday, Aug. 28. We entered the grove about 5 P. M. Nearly all the tents were already covered, and several more were in process of erection. Before the middle of the week more than thirty tents were on the ground. The number has not exceeded twenty at any previous meeting. At 7 P. M., the bell was rung by the Presiding Elder, Rev. C. B. Dunn, and a goodly number of people collected in front of the stand. Rev. E. Davies preached, and several of the brethren and sisters exhorted. The Lord was with us. The fire began to burn. Our hearts were strangely warmed. Our faith grew stronger. Christians rejoiced, sinners trembled, and thus our first meeting was one of power. At an early hour on Tuesday morning, soon as—

"The lark had mounted up the sky,  
With unambitious song,"

or,—

"The night-bird had sought the stilly shadow of some friendly bough,"

the woods were ringing with songs of praise and shouts of joy. At the same time some were praying, some were exhorting, and some were trying to express the inexpressible emotions of a soul at peace with God and man, and filled with the fullness of Divine love. The soul was thrilled as we stood for a moment listening to that strange, yet sweetest of all music. It seemed like the strains of a great harp, strung and tuned, and touched by the Divine finger. There was no discord in it all. Singing, praying, shouting, praising, exhorting, weeping and groaning blended into one grand chorus as they floated out on the clear morning air, and were wafted upward to heaven. The weather was fine during the day, and scores were added to the number of those already on the ground. The preaching was of the right sort, earnest, and attended with Divine power; and with many words did the brethren and sisters testify and exhort. At the close of each service at the stand, the altar was filled with earnest seekers after God. Some were penitent sinners, groaning under a weight of conscious sin; some were wanderers, seeking the fold of Christ again; and some were professed Christians, convinced of the necessity of a fuller consecration to God; and there, bowing together at the altar of prayer, many, if not all, were blest.

"Wednesday morning brought signs of rain; indeed, it had rained a little during the night. On account of the dampness there was no service at the stand during the forenoon, but several tents were well filled, and singing and preaching, and exhorting and praying continued until noon. Some were converted, and many were enabled to testify that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanse us from all sin.' At the close of the services that forenoon, no one felt to complain of the weather. In the afternoon services were held at the stand, and God was with us, mighty to save. Evening brought rain again. But at the usual hour the bell rang at the stand, and the people began to collect in and about the altar. After a few moments of consultation with the preachers, Bro. Dunn gave the word, 'To your tents, O Israel!' As yet there had been but a slight sprinkling of rain, but no sooner were we in the tents than down it came, almost in torrents. Yet the Lord was in the midst; and while rain was watering the earth, grace and glory were filling our hearts. Long and sweet will be the memories of that evening.

"Thursday was the great day of the feast. The weather was fine, and a large number of people were in attendance, probably about three thousand. The preaching was plain, pointed, and earnest. The exhortations were full of the power of God. The prayers were fervent and effectual. Many souls were won for Christ; but how many, we cannot tell. Bro. Dunn retired from the ground about noon, leaving the meeting for the remainder of the week, in charge of Bro. S. H. Beale.

"Friday was also a beautiful day; and although the number present was less than on Thursday, yet the interest continued to increase till the close of the meeting. After the social service, which followed the preaching in the evening, had closed, a circle was formed, and the shaking of hands began. We will not attempt to describe the scene. Many who had been unmoved through all the week, were now almost overcome with emotion. It seemed to us, at that hour, that the work of salvation had just begun. May the good Lord continue it on our charges. One noticeable feature of the meeting was the absence of some brethren whom we have been accustomed to meet there. Among these were Bros. Helmershausen, Haven, Thayer, Hare, and J. O. Knowles. Another noticeable feature of the meeting was the good order, so easily maintained. Of course we do not mean to intimate that there was any connection between the two events."

## The Christian World.

## MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21.

CEYLON.—The work of Christian missions in Ceylon has been greatly prospered. The field is a difficult one, but the Lord has wrought wonders in saving the people. The English Wesleyans, the Church of England, and the Baptists are doing a great work in that country. Rev. Charles Carter of the latter, sends an interesting communication to the *English Missionary Herald*, in which he speaks of several persons admitted to the Church, one of which he describes as follows:—

"The Singhalese man is a blind man, about twenty-five years old. He lost the sight of his eyes through disease when a boy. He came to me about four months ago as an inquirer. I thought at first he was a Buddhist beginning to investigate Christianity, but soon discovered that he had not only made up his mind that Christianity was right and Buddhism wrong, but gave very satisfactory evidence of being truly converted to God.

"He was a very intelligent man, and well acquainted with Buddhism—we read in it, for he speaks of himself as reading books, though he can only listen to others—and was a very zealous advocate of it. But some months ago he began to compare its various statements with each other, and found them so utterly opposed that he was convinced it was not trustworthy. For instance, he said, 'Buddha is said to be all-wise, acquainted with the past, present, and future. But it is stated in the sacred books, that one day when he proposed to go to preach his doctrine to a certain person, he was informed that that person had died three days ago, and on mentioning the name of another—to whom he preached he was told that that person also was dead; whereby he discovered that it was not possible to preach to them.'

"The blind man compared the conduct and character of Buddha—who was confessedly a sinner—with that of the sinless Christ; and on comparing the end of their lives on earth, he was convinced that the one was an ordinary man and the other Divine.

"He was struck too with this, that Buddhism tells the sinner there is no escape from the punishment due to all his sins, whereas Christianity is adapted to save the worst of sinners."

He became convinced that he was sinning against God—was sorry for his sins—sought and obtained pardon through Christ, and became a happy, earnest convert to Christianity.

FRANCE.—The Wesleyan Methodists of England had a very successful mission in France before the late war. They had three houses of worship in Paris, and how wonderfully they were preserved from the destruction which befell a large portion of the city, is described by a Paris correspondent of *The (London) Watchman*:—

"We were very anxious to ascertain whether the little chapel in the Rue Royale had been injured, and made our way to it by the court behind. It is not damaged in the least! With houses in front and at the side on fire, it has escaped! reminding one of the bush enveloped in flames, yet remaining unconsumed, or the three Hebrews who though 'in the midst of the fire' had 'no hurt.'

"Feeling a particular interest in the place in which I began my ministry in Paris nearly nine years ago, I went this morning to see if I could get into the Rue Royale Chapel, having seen the outside yesterday. I succeeded in entering, and could not but thank God when I found that the place which has to so many Methodists such hallowed associations is all safe. Not a pane of glass has been broken, not a seat injured. The blessed sanctuary where William Toase preached for eleven years, where William Arthur and others ministered, and which, though it has passed into other hands, resounds with the same Gospel, remains intact. May it long be a Bethel; and, saved as by fire, may it still be the birth-place of souls!"

"I have been to Asnières. The scene of ruin is such as no words can describe. The houses on the quays are most of them destroyed, the railway station has been entirely demolished; but our little chapel, only a stone's throw from the station, and not fifty yards from houses that have been pounded with bombs, has escaped with almost no injury at all. A few stones chipped off, a hole in the roof, and a window-sill smashed, we reckon nothing, compared with the surrounding devastation. God be praised for his care over his house!"

ROME.—The Missionary Committee of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, recently met in Manchester, England, and it was a meeting of unusual interest. Several addresses were delivered full of valuable information. The account given of the meeting, in the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, says, "The extracts from the Journal which recorded the wonderful openings for the establishment of Methodism in Rome were listened to with profound pleasure, and called forth many expressions of thankfulness to God. It was reported that the circular from the Mission House, asking subscriptions for the erection of chapels in Rome and Naples, had met with encouraging success; but when a letter was read from Mr. Fernly, of Southport, expressing the satisfaction with which he had viewed the movement in Italy, and offering £5,000 to provide a suitable place of wor-

ship in Rome, every heart seemed to leap for joy. Mr. Heald, the General Treasurer, came into the Committee after the letter was read, but no sooner had he perused its contents, than at once he offered £5,000, to aid partly the Italian scheme, and partly in the liquidation of the Society's debt."

WESTERN AFRICA—CAPE COAST.—The Rev. Matthew Grimmer, an English Wesleyan missionary, writes encouragingly from the Ashanti mission. The king had expressed great interest in the mission, and desired that other laborers should be sent. "He has paid a visit to the mission premises in Kumasi, and found the buildings much out of repair. He is sorry his workmen are not skilled to repair the dwelling-house of the missionaries, but he intends to put the chapel and out-houses in order, as he desires that the missionaries should carry on their work as they did in the days of his grandfather." There are difficulties connected with missionary labors there, but they are yielding to the force of truth, and the prospect is encouraging for the general triumph of the Gospel throughout that country.

THE TREASURY of our Missionary Society was in debt, Aug., 1871, \$83,361.10. Have all the churches taken the collection for removing this debt? If not, don't fail to take it at once.

## Obituaries.

Mrs. ELIZA F., wife of Thomas P. Gordon, of Boston, died on the 20th day of June last, at the residence of her father, in New Bedford, in the 45th year of her age.

Sister Gordon was an individual of quiet and unassuming manners, but of great personal and Christian worth. She had been trained to obedience in the school of suffering. In recent years disease has confined her presence mainly to her own dwelling. The few that knew her all join in commending her cheerfulness and fortitude under severe pain. She kept even her tears secret, that no cloud might darken the lot of those she loved. But she has gone in peace to her rest in heaven. She smiles, and the friends she has left behind weep. Her gladness shall be eternal, and their sorrow shall be turned into joy.

Middletown, Ct., Sept. 22, 1871. G. PRENTICE.

MOSES TRUE, parent of Amanda, wife of Horace Muzey, died in Searsmont, Me., Sept. 18, 1871, aged 80 years.

The subject of this notice was born in Salisbury, Mass., in 1791. When 16 years of age the family moved to Montville, Me. In the fourth year of their settlement in the town there was a glorious revival of the work of God, under the labors of Elder Colby, when Mr. True became a subject of renewing grace. He united with the Freewill Baptist Church in that town, and continued a worthy member till near 1846. He then moved to Ohio. There he changed his relation to the Congregationalist. In this branch of the Christian family he remained till the great Head called Him to the Church above. For about three years he has lived in Searsmont, in the family of his son-in-law, Horace Muzey.

Mr. True was gifted with a strong, practical mind. His views were well founded, and were wisely expressed. As evidence of this, and of the confidence reposed in him, he served more than twenty years on the Board of Selectmen in Montville. He served four terms in the State Legislature, and was for some time a member of the Board of County Commissioners. He had the esteem of all who knew him, and had the favor of God daily. He died, as he lived, a good man, and has gone to receive the reward of the faithful.

Searsmont, Sept. 18, 1871. E. M. FOWLER.

Died, in Palmyra, Me., July 24, 1871, Mrs. ALICE JUDKINS, the oldest inhabitant in town. Mother Judkins was born in Nottingham, N. H., Dec. 29, 1777, and died July 24, 1871, aged 93 years, 6 months, and 28 days.

Mrs. Judkins experienced religion in Augusta, Me., at the age of 22; joined the Church in Readfield at the time of her conversion; soon after moved to Cornville, and united with the Baptist Church in that place, where she remained a worthy member until her death.

Mrs. Judkins was a woman of strong, vigorous physical constitution, of strong intellectual faculties, and retentive memory. Her last years were years of pain and suffering, but she felt it was all right. She was never known to murmur, but often expressed an abiding trust in the alone merits of a crucified Saviour. Her end was peaceful triumph.

Sister Judkins retained her intellect until the last; was capable of conversing understandingly on religious experience until the day she died. The most of the children of the deceased are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, all of which was satisfactory to this Christian mother. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Newport, Sept. 18, 1871. B. M. MITCHELL.

SAMUEL N. ANDREWS, aged 45 years, left the mortal shore in Camden, Me., May 23, 1871, and landed on the immortal in glory the same day.

There was no delay when the pale Boatman came for him. He was standing by the river's brink, with his mantle wrapped about him, his sandals on, and with anxious eye looking towards the heavenly shore. For twenty-three years he had been faithfully doing life's work in the Methodist Episcopal Church, always standing at his post until relieved from the conflicts of life, to the rest and enjoyment of heaven, by Him whom we, though afflicted, are led to say, is wise in counsel, and excellent in working. His last hours linger sweetly in our memory, and his triumphant death—

"Gives hope amid life's conflicts here;  
Sheds ray celestial on the pall and bier;  
O'er the dark river points the shining way  
To our blest haven of immortal day."

Camden, Sept. 22, 1871. L. L. HANSCOM.

Capt. REUBEN HIGGINS, of Wellfleet, died Aug. 19, aged 33 years.

He was buried at sea, on his passage from the West Indies. The loss of this dear young man is no ordinary affliction. Converted at 13 years of age, he has been one of the noblest, truest witnesses for evangelical religion that ever bore the Master's ensign round the world. His life was so exemplary that the cavalier never questioned his purity and integrity, and the Church loses a pillar which was both strength and an ornament to her cause.

Died, at Corinth, Vt., July 31, 1871, PHEBE REYNOLDS, wife of Rev. Amos Merrill, aged 63 years and 9 months.

Sister Merrill experienced religion about forty years ago, and was baptized by the late Rev. William Nelson, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued a worthy member until called to join the Church triumphant. She was a great lover of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of her choice, and labored hard in the various places, where, as the companion of an itinerant, it was her lot to live for a time, to bring others to the knowledge of the truth. She died beloved by all that knew her, rests from her labors, and is blest.

Corinth, Vt., Sept. 15, 1871. A. B. HOPKINS.



## THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD by Jas. F. C. Hyde.

**SENSIBLE ADVICE.**—Mr. Harris, in one of his interesting "Talks on the Farm," says:—

"The sharp advance in the price of wool will be of great benefit to our agriculture. It will save the sheep interest. I have done all I could, during the depression, to persuade farmers not to sacrifice their sheep, but rather to weed out the poor ones and retain their best ewes, take good care of them, and breed to the best rams they could find. Those who have done so will now get their reward for their perseverance and common sense. There is nothing more certain than that a great leading product like wool, or wheat, corn, oats, pork, or beef, cannot long remain below the cost of production. And a farmer cannot make a greater mistake than to abandon wool-growing, or wheat-growing, or beef or pork growing, during a period of temporary depression, and of engaging in something that for the moment happens to be paying unusually well. Everybody will now rush into wool-growing. Pork and beef are low, and thousands of farmers who have been endeavoring to improve their stock of hogs or cattle, will now neglect or sacrifice them; whereas the wise farmer will hold on to his stock and continue to improve it, and by the time the tide turns, as turn it must, he will be ready to avail himself of the increased demand for his products. A year ago this spring I bought potatoes to feed pigs at ten cents a bushel. This spring they were worth \$1.50, and yet we had a better yield last than the year before. The price was so low in the spring of 1870, that farmers planted far less than usual. Take one year with another, that farmer makes the most money who pursues the even tenor of his way uninfluenced by the fluctuations in the price of his products. It may be said that this is plodding work, calling for little intelligence and no enterprise. But this is a mistake. There are abundant opportunities for the exercise of skill, intelligence, patience, perseverance, industry, enterprise, and everything that makes a man. A farmer had far better occupy his thoughts and his energies in determining the best method of enriching and preparing his land for potatoes, and how to plant, cultivate, dig, and market them, rather than in worrying, unsatisfactory, and uncertain speculations as to whether the crop will or will not be largely grown, and command a low or a high price . . .

"American farmers cannot be too often reminded that what we should aim at is, fewer crops, cleaner culture, and a larger yield per acre. We are a great beef-eating people, and are taking kindly to good mutton when it can be found. Already a large proportion of the beef consumed in the Atlantic cities is raised west of the Mississippi. The price for the moment happens to be low, but it will not remain so long. The farmer who raises good beef or mutton in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, or any of the older settled States, need not fear that the half-wild cattle of Texas or elsewhere are going to drive him to the wall. There is no sort of danger. Unaided nature cannot compete with agriculture any better than the Indian can compete with the Anglo-Saxon.

"Our population is rapidly increasing, and the demand for meat will continue to increase from year to year. The causes which lead to an over supply for a few months are only temporary. The demand is unceasing, and he is a wise farmer who looks ahead, and quietly and perseveringly improves his farm and his stock. He is certain of his reward. Wool, mutton, beef, pork, cheese, butter, milk, poultry, and all other animal products will be wanted, more and more, as the condition of the world improves. There are millions of people, even in Europe, who seldom taste fresh meat. An Irishman eats double the meat and does double the work here that he did at home. Even the Chinese in this country eat

meat as soon as they can earn money enough to buy it. The point I want to get at is this: We have a large country. Land is comparatively cheap, and labor comparatively high. Crops are great in extent, but small in yield, and many of our farms are getting more weedy, and less productive. Now, what we must aim at is to make them cleaner and richer. We must devote less land to the production of wheat and other grain that is sold, and more to the production of such crops as are fed out to animals on the farm. We all know that it is far better to raise three hundred bushels of wheat from ten acres than to plough, seed and reap twenty or thirty acres to get the same amount. We obtain no more money for the crop in the one case than the other, but the profits are quadrupled. The market is not glutted with grain, and there will be more meat and wool to sell, and more manure to use. To bring this about we must summer-fallow when necessary; sow clover more frequently, and not sell a pound; let our land lie longer in grass; and when it is broken up and planted to corn, cultivate it very thoroughly, and not overcrop it before it is seeded down again. In some cases it will pay to summer-fallow, and then seed the land down to grass without a grain crop. We must aim to save labor, enrich our land, reduce the area under tillage, and, when it is ploughed, cultivate thoroughly, to kill weeds and develop the latent plant-food in the soil. Plant-food is the farmer's capital. It is present in large quantities in most of our soils, but a great proportion of it lies idle. Our profits will be in proportion to the amount of this plant-food that we can render available, and keep in active circulation without allowing it to diminish faster than fresh quantities are developed from the soil by the decomposing and disintegrating action of the atmosphere.

**WORK FOR THE SEASON.**—Celery should receive attention now, and be earthed up, that it may be blanched. This vegetable is one of the best that is grown in the garden, and all who admire its flavor should take pains to raise it in abundance. It is easily raised on moist land, with plenty of manure. It flourishes better in a moist season. It grows later in the season, but should be harvested before the ground freezes, and placed in a position to keep nearly all winter.

**Squashes** should be picked and placed where they can be covered from the frosts and rains. It will not hurt them to let the sun shine on them, for that is the way nature ripens them. The marrows should be sold, or used first, as they do not keep so well as the Hubbard, turban, and crook-necks.

**Pears.**—Pick all fall pears as soon as possible, before the high winds of autumn blow them off. The season having been so dry, the fruit drops easily. After they are picked, keep them in a cool place. Winter pears should be picked in about two weeks.

**MANAGEMENT OF POT PLANTS.**—Mr. J. D. Dickie contributes the following to *The Christian Union*:—

"A flower-pot needs a saucer as much as a tea-cup. It should not be fastened to it, as many are, as it is liable to wash full of earth, and in that condition is very difficult to clean out. As regards size, pots should measure about eight inches across the top. They can hardly be too large, no matter how small the plant. A bird is never fully at home in a small cage; neither is a plant in a small pot. A Rose Geranium that will grow a foot across in a small box, would not go under a bushel basket if grown in the open ground. This, then, proves conclusively that plants want plenty of room. In the summer time they need as much care as in the winter. They should not be kept wholly in the shade, a treatment absolutely fatal to most plants. One exception is in the case of some variegated leaved varieties, and these only lose part of their variegation. A location on the east side of a house is the best. The very worst place I know of is underneath a tree. The soil for pot plants need not be extremely rich. I know a lady who uses rotten wood and leafmould mixed in equal proportions.

"The other day I noticed a Musk Plant growing in this soil. It had all run to steam, and presented an unsightly appearance, whereas it should have been a compact, burly plant. Rotted sods are excellent for this purpose. Any good garden soil mixed with a little sand will answer much better than very light, rich earth. Some advocate painting the pots. I think a thorough scrubbing twice a week in soap and water will answer a better purpose. The watering of pot plants is the principal thing. There is always more danger of too much water than of not enough. Never drench the top soil; merely dampen it, and fill the saucers to the brim. The roots then take just what they want, and no more. Every day or two sprinkle the foliage with soft water. People living close to the road will find little satisfaction in pot plants, unless they are sprinkled two or three times a day to get rid of the dust, which utterly ruins the appearance of any plant, no matter how rare or beautiful it may be. There is one thing in particular which many experienced growers neglect; and that is, stirring the soil. Nothing is more necessary, or will so advance the growth of the plant. And, furthermore, allow me to state that flowers will go to seed as readily in flower-pots as in the open ground. When allowed to do so, the nutriment tends toward the seed-pot, and leaves the waiting bud in the lurch. Therefore, if you want plenty of flowers, you must pick off the blossoms as soon as they begin to fade. It is advisable to have but few plants, and these of the best varieties. These will give better satisfaction and attract more attention."

## Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 20, by Rev. M. H. A. Evans, James Dobson to Miss Sarah Bell, both of Boston.  
In Lynn, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sept. 20, by Rev. F. H. Newhall, assisted by Rev. Mr. Vassar, Henry W. French to Miss Mary Eliza, daughter of Rev. Thomas P. Richardson, all of Lynn.  
In North Manchester, Ct., Sept. 19, by Rev. George E. Fuller, Albert H. Lathrop to Miss Sarah C. Hollister, all of Manchester, Ct.  
At Epping Campmeeting, Sept. 2, by Rev. H. Montgomery, Nathan C. Wing, of Amesbury, Mass., to Miss Emma C. Fowler, of Seabrook, N. H.; Sept. 16, at the Parsonage, Henry C. Knowles to Miss Malvina Randall, both of Seabrook, N. H.; Sept. 21, Dennis D. Knowles to Miss Alice J. Eaton, both of Seabrook, N. H.  
In Holliston, N. H., Sept. 18, by Rev. W. B. Bartlett, Herbert E. Hamilton to Ella A. Colcord, both of Holliston.  
In Barton, Vt., Sept. 15, by Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Rev. G. Hill, of the Vermont Conference, to Mrs. Mary M. Jenkins, of Albany, Vt.  
In Eastport, Me., Sept. 24, by Rev. C. L. Haskell, Capt. A. C. Bagley, of Jonesport, to Miss E. M. Thompson, of Eastport.

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